

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AND SOME OTHERS (Illus.). By the Custodian of Westminster Abbey.  
THE MARDALE GATHERING. By Constance Holme.

APR-9 1919

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## WAR AND PEACE

TO anyone who can get outside the present industrial situation so as to see it detached and in proportion it would seem very absurd that while a League of Peace has been established among nations those who most fervently profess the principles of peace should be engaged in fomenting war. Suppose any intelligent responsible leader of the Labour movement were subjected to a catechism in the Palace of Truth. He would have to say he is absolutely and completely against international warfare. To his credit be it said that when Germany threatened Europe he put this pre-disposition aside and rallied to the support of his own country. Our own opinion has been expressed with great frankness on more than one occasion. It is that the Labour Party has, on the whole, conducted itself well during the war. Its leaders have shown decision and statesmanship, and when the question of peace came to be considered, if they had a fault it was that of being almost too pacific. Some of them, at any rate, appear to think that all between us and Germany should be forgiven and forgotten. These were the days when Labour re-echoed the cry, "No Indemnities, No Annexations." Peace under her olive tree was the only queen to whom they made obeisance. They reprobated the ambitions of statesmen, the selfishness of nations, the evils of greed and all the other vices which have been calumniated since men became vocal. But even while the League of Nations is being shaped and formalised in order that war might be abolished, Labour suddenly turns round the other side of its countenance and makes a demand upon the rest of the community, half unsheathing at the same moment the dagger called Strike and threatening to use it

if the terms were not granted. All this was done, not against a hard, unsympathetic world, but against a community which was in the mood to help Labour all it could.

But even the worm will turn in certain circumstances, and the British nation has never been in the habit of yielding to a threat. The Labour Leaders would find out if they forced on a struggle that the whole is greater than a part. After all, even striking is a game at which two can play, and if the miners refuse to produce coal for the community, the community could, in the end, bring them to reason by refusing to produce food for them. But in that direction lies the way to madness and destruction. The country has everything to gain by sticking together, and everything to lose by allowing itself to be broken up into rival factions. That should be as apparent to the Labour leader as to anybody else. We are by no means wishful to prejudge any case that he may set before the public. One is bound to recognise that the miner's life is arduous and dangerous, and that he is entitled to proper payment and reasonable hours. If he has not these things, then his business is to lay his case before the proper authority, which, in this case, is the Commission appointed by the Government. If they only knew it, the country is far less concerned about the rate of wages and the hours of work than in regard to the output. The Lord Chancellor, in his pleasant way, remarked in the House of Lords the other day that during the war the country had been living on its capital, and liked it. But these happy times have ended. The fact staring us in the face at the present moment is that in order to meet the interest on the debt and provide the usual money for the Budget, the sum of £750,000,000 annually will have to be raised from taxation. It is, indeed, a colossal burden for the nation to shoulder, and one can picture in a way the deathless face of Mr. Austen Chamberlain as he pores over the possible expedients for raising this extraordinary revenue while, at the same time, a dozen claims for more and heavy borrowing are being pressed upon him. Even at the present the Army is costing something like £6,000,000 a day. Wages and prices continue extraordinarily high for the moment, but surely no Labour leader, no boy out of the nursery, can be under the gross illusion that this state of things can continue. But no doubt Mr. Smillie and the others, if they ever read this, will say, "Profiteer," and consider they have discounted the argument. But if they can prove that outrageous profits can be made from mines, the justice meted out to the miners will apply equally to profiteering mine owners. What the country wants is reasonably cheap coal for that manufacturing and exporting industry upon which its prosperity depends. It recognises that Capital is entitled to its fair reward, just as Labour is entitled to its fair wage and fair hours. Let Labour come into the Conference with a frank and reasonable mind and it will find that what is sauce for the Labour goose is sauce also for the Capital gander.

Fortunately, we live under a constitution the cardinal principle of which is that government must be conducted with the consent of the governed. Therefore it is the right and the duty of every citizen who has a grievance to lay it fully and frankly before his fellow citizens. The miners must recognise that no special privilege can be given to them. A good Government must see to it that every group is treated with due consideration for the others. We are in the same boat, and provisions must be shared out equally. The miners undoubtedly have grievances which should be remedied. No impartial mind can study the speeches of their leaders without coming to that conclusion, but they must realise that if their demands are so stringent as to operate against the general welfare they cannot be admitted. That really is the chief point to be settled.

## Our Frontispiece

WE print as Frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of Lady Victoria Ramsay, whose marriage to Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, brother of the fourteenth Earl of Dalhousie, was solemnised in Westminster Abbey on February 27. Lady Victoria Ramsay, before her marriage H.R.H. Princess Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth of Connaught, was born in 1886 and is the second daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and cousin to His Majesty.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

# COUNTRY



## NOTES

**A**FTER the clear, moderate, statesmanlike speech of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon the dispute between the Government and the miners assumed very definite form. Mr. Lloyd George promised that the Coal Commission should report on March 31st, and argued that it is absurd for the miners to declare war by initiating a strike on March 16th. To do so would be an attempt to bully the country into conceding their demands. The second point in the controversy arises from the contention of the Labour leaders that the mines should be at once nationalised. Against the proposal to do this in a hurry there is the great financial importance of the step and the difference of opinion as to the effect it is likely to produce. These matters surely want most careful discussion. Finally, there is a marked difference as to the facts in regard to wages. The Prime Minister said the coal getter was receiving 81s. per week for five days' work, and the general average for all workers in the mines was 65s. These wages may be inadequate, but that requires to be proved before venturing on a step that would probably increase the price of coal by from 8s. to 10s. a ton. The statement was traversed by Mr. Hartshorn, one of the South Wales leaders, who quoted figures, which he stated were taken from the colliery books, to show that 100,000 South Wales miners were only making 20s. to 27s. a week, and 50 per cent. were earning under £2 a week before the war. He admitted that wages had risen 87 per cent. in South Wales, but held that the increase was not sufficient to meet the extra cost of living. He was supported by Mr. Adamson, who said that the Scottish miner was 35 per cent. out on balance at the present moment. Obviously here we have not a difference of opinion, but a difference of knowledge. Wages paid to miners at the present moment should be easily obtainable, and are capable of being put before the country in a form admitting of no contradiction. The circumstances make out an overwhelming case for enquiry, and an enquiry held by a body with Judge Sankey as chairman is urgently required. The miners cannot object to it without casting aside every shred of pretence to being fair-minded and reasonable.

**THE** country has reason to be grateful to Mr. Lloyd George for the convincing and uncompromising way in which he described the inevitable effects of a national strike of miners. At the moment the re-establishment of industry and the recovery of our export trade are of predominant importance. Works would have to be closed and means of transport reduced to futility if the supply of fuel were cut off. It would also interfere most seriously with the food supply of the country and, incidentally, with that of the miners themselves. Already the action they have taken is imperilling our overseas trade. America has been a great and friendly factor in helping to win the war, but, naturally, that will not prevent our shrewd cousins from butting in for the trade which we are allowing to slip. Already they are supplying Italy with coal, and no one can tell where the rivalry will end. The miners, consciously or not, are forcing on a great industrial war that threatens as much suffering as that other contest which we have ended victoriously. One finds it hard to believe that they will persist obstinately in the course they have marked out. In the course of the debate Mr. Hartshorn made a statement which was questioned.

"Is that the whole truth?" asked Mr. Clem Edwards. "Nearly," said Mr. Hartshorn. Surely even he will admit that great changes cannot be based on an approximation to truth. We want the whole of it placed before the country.

**THE** Cambridgeshire Agricultural Committee has given one more proof of its enterprise and activity by directing the attention of the Government to the urgent necessity in the interests of food production of improving the waterways of the county, especially the Great Ouse and its tributaries. Some 2,000,000 acres are dependent on this drainage system. During the war considerable progress was made with this admirable form of reclamation. In November, 1917, a small prisoners' camp was established at Meldreth, and by August of the following year the bed of the River Mel was scoured and cleansed, unsound and overhanging trees removed from the river bed, and the banks were repaired. By March, 1918, the drainage work had increased greatly. At the request of a number of owners and occupiers the Committee took in hand the improvement of Isleham Fen, an area of about 3,500 acres, with a variety of soils. The work was largely done by prisoners of war. The greatest task before the Committee now is the clearing and opening up of the River Cam and its main tributaries, the Rivers Granta and Rhee, and the Bourn Brook, as by the Cam and its tributaries the drainage water of Cambridgeshire is discharged. After dealing with the Great Ouse and its tributaries it was agreed at a meeting of the Executive Committee of Norfolk, West Suffolk, Isle of Ely, Huntingdonshire and Bedfordshire to petition the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to appoint one joint authority. This should be a governing body for the main river, and should have power to exercise control when necessary over the forty-four drainage and embankment authorities now responsible for the water course. Work of this kind, promising as it does to widen the resources by which food is produced, and also to employ a very considerable number of men, is well worthy of grave consideration by the Board of Agriculture and of the support of the general public.

### RESURRECTION.

You met me where the grey street swells  
To noisy quay and busy mart,  
The dingy houses rocked with bells—  
Or were the bells within my heart?

Your face, so tender in surprise,  
Revealed the hidden truth at last,  
And life rose up with shining eyes,  
And slipped the grave-clothes of the past.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

**IT** is a welcome announcement that facilities are to be given to those Land Girls who wish to establish themselves as small-holders. Although the number cannot yet be stated exactly, it would appear that there are certainly 4,000 of them who would like to be settled in Great Britain, while the ambition of a considerable proportion is turned towards the Colonies. We are naturally more concerned with the few of those who elect to remain at home. There is plenty of room here, and there is a good selection of occupations by which a woman may earn her living from the soil. Very intensive cultivation involves hard labour, and, unless a girl has capital enough to employ a man, she ought not to undertake work in which deep digging is an essential. Not one woman in a hundred is physically fit for it. There are, however, several branches of small culture in which women can do very well. There is no reason, for instance, why they should not carry on dairy farms. They would find cow-keeping a very remunerative employment if they could manage to do the work among themselves. It would be easy for two or three girls to join together, and in that case they would avoid the heavy labour bill, which is the greatest impediment in the way of success.

**BY** the death of Mr. Ducane Godman a trusteeship of the British Museum becomes vacant. It will be very difficult to fill Mr. Godman's shoes. He was known to most of us as a very old but interesting man whose conversation, even when he carried the burden of more than fourscore years, was full and arresting. With him the study of natural history began very early indeed. His life-long friend Osbert Salvin and he, born in consecutive years, were both educated at Westminster and at Cambridge. Even in their early student days natural history was an engrossing pursuit. He, Salvin, Newton, Simpson and his brother Percy, all used

to go out on spring rambles and then meet in each other's rooms to discuss the ornithological results. To that little group the *Ibis* owes its origin. About 1857 a meeting took place in Alfred Newton's room in Magdalene College at which it was resolved that a journal should be published devoted to ornithology, and that its name should be the *Ibis*. The first volume appeared in 1859, and the magazine has now reached its fifty-sixth volume, while the Union has over 440 members. Later on, expeditions were carried out far further afield, the results being embodied in that monumental work, "Biologia Centrali-Americana, or Contributions to the Knowledge of the Fauna and Flora of Mexico and Central America," edited by F. Ducane Godman and Osbert Salvin. The various volumes of this were published at the writers' expense, and only recently have become available to the general public through the enterprise of Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

IT is good news that the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has taken steps towards stocking suitable waters with eels. England has plenty of ponds, sluggish rivers, canals and other waters eminently well fitted for eels, and this fish is very much appreciated. It is otherwise in the North of England and in Scotland where there is a long standing prejudice against the eel as an article of diet. It is not founded on any intelligent reason any more than is the refusal of the people in Scottish fishing villages to eat mackerel. But the producer is little concerned with the reasonableness of the public attitude. It is sufficient for him to know that if he caught mackerel or eels in Scotland he would require to send them south in order to find a good market. In the waters of the English shires, however, this objection would not stand. Stewed eels and mashed potatoes have long been regarded as constituting a dainty dish by the great body of consumers, and therefore a ready sale could easily be obtained. Eels are much dearer to-day than they were before the war and are likely to remain so for some time to come.

EVERYBODY interested in the Land question will welcome the formation in the House of Commons of an Agricultural Committee formed for the purpose of ventilating grievances and bringing complaints before the notice of the House. It consists of members of agricultural constituencies and others interested in agriculture, with Captain Fitzroy as Chairman and Sir Beville Stanier and Mr. Edward Wood as Joint Secretaries. It has always been difficult to obtain adequate discussion of agricultural questions in Parliament and in the present House there are not very many members who have made it their business to master the rural problems of the hour. It is all the more important therefore that what forces exist should be brought together and concentrated. The result in the end will be to prove to constituencies the great advantage, at a time when the subject of land is assuming immense importance, to have a member in the House of Commons who can give expression to their wishes. That, again, would re-act in the way of producing candidates with qualifications to represent husbandry. It is an anomaly that what remains the greatest and most important industry should be the most inadequately represented in the House of Commons.

IT is no wonder that the subject of professionalism in games is coming to the front. The war, far from diminishing the national love of sport, has accentuated it. It was outdoor exercise more than anything else which gave us so fine an Army, and a soldier's life is not at all likely to benumb the sporting instinct. Educationists, again, emphasise the great part that games play in mental as well as physical training. But all that does not reconcile the public conscience to the devotion of so many lives to a mere game. The man who plays cricket, who plays football, who plays golf, who shoots, fishes has everything to be said in his favour. The mere looker-on is likely to come under some of the animadversion that was poured upon him after the South African War, and the man who devotes his whole life to a game at a time when there is so much to be done and so few hands to do it is likely to be regarded more as a parasite upon the State than as a good citizen. It is felt to be a very thin ambition that of figuring as a gladiator of the bat, the ball or the racket. Games should be played for the game, not for a livelihood at the best of times, but just now it is the business of thew and sinew to be productive.

A SCOTTISH lady of the old school has passed away in Aline Lady Milbank, who, on Saturday last, in the ninety-fourth year of her age, died at Barningham Park, Yorkshire.

She was the daughter of Sir Alexander Don of Newton Don, near Kelso, a great friend of Sir Walter Scott. In her youth Lady Aline was noted for her stately presence and graceful dancing. The Duchess of Kent used to say that if her daughter, the Queen of England, only had the height and figure of Miss Don . . . ! In the middle years of her life Lady Milbank took strongly to politics and became the friend and supporter, first of Mr. Gladstone and then Lord Rosebery. She was not deeply studious by nature and little in the habit of giving reasons for preferences which she held with a determination that verged on obstinacy. She followed her chosen leader in all the divigations which, in the middle eighties, estranged so many of his former friends. After her husband died in 1898 she withdrew very much to her home at Barningham Park in the moorland of Northern Yorkshire. There she was the *grande dame*, beloved by all old and young, and rich and poor, and had pride and pleasure in gathering together the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who formed a large progeny, all of whom were devoted to their dear ancestress.

#### A BIRTHDAY WISH: TO SYLVIA.

If I had been your god-mamma—  
Vain thought! Not so our webs are spun,  
For I was eight (too young by far),  
When you would soon be one!

. . . Three gifts I should have given you,  
All on that February morn;  
Thus might I speak—as fairies do—  
The day that you were born:

"Over the sea from fairyland  
Come I; now blessings three be hers:  
Laughter and love, and for her hands,  
Such work as she prefers!"

Vain dream! I'm *not* your god-mamma;  
But in your web these gifts be spun—  
Though I was eight (too young by far),  
When you would soon be one!

JOYCE COBB

THE delegates of the clubs in whose hands is vested the management of the Open Golf Championship have announced that no championship will be held this year. No reason has been given, but we may surmise that the difficulty of getting the links into adequately good condition has a great deal to do with the decision. Everywhere greens are smaller than of old, and the roughs longer and more tangled, while grass grows in the bunkers as it used once to do, before golf came there, in the cobbled streets of Rye or Sandwich. By the delegates' decision golf will be in a sense a year behind-hand as compared with other games which, as regards public matches, will be in full swing again this summer. But this is of small moment, for there is no game so little spectacular as golf, so completely independent of spectators. Mercifully, there is no need to devise methods of "brightening" golf to lure more sixpences and shillings through the turnstiles. As long as a man is young enough to walk round the links he is young enough to hit a ball round, and so it happens that there are few who look on at golf without playing it, and thousands who play without ever looking on. Golf is a most interesting game to watch, and many people would be better golfers if they watched more; but the instinct which makes them grudge every minute on the links not spent in hitting their own ball is nevertheless a very healthy one.

SATURDAY last was a good day for the veterans. There seems to be no question that the most brilliant tennis at Manchester in the meeting with Queen's Club was seen in the match between Peter Latham and Mr. E. M. Baerlein. And Mr. Latham, in spite of his years and giving his opponent half fifteen, won—won, after a gruelling three hours, by the odd set. In London the preliminary heat of the professional billiards championship witnessed the victory of the veteran Inman over the brilliant and, at times, electrifying Newman. It all goes to show what long experience and tenacity count for in ball games. How else could one have accounted for the wonderful match at Wimbledon a year or two before the war, when Mr. Gore, dashing into the Centre Court straight from his office, was only just beaten by that splendid giant Anthony Wilding, who was trained to the last ounce and as fit as any man who ever took the court?

## THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AND SOME OTHERS

BY H. F. WESTLAKE, M.A., F.S.A., CUSTODIAN OF THE ABBEY.

**T**HEN was the high feast made ready, and the King was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of St. Stephen's, with great solemnity"—so runs old Malory's account of the marriage of Arthur, defective only in date. It could be wished that all such records were as circumstantial, for the stories of Royal marriages are too often vague and the versions of them contradictory.

The chroniclers will relate that a King and Queen were married at Westminster and leave the after ages to determine whether the ceremony was performed in the Abbey church or in the Royal Chapel of St. Stephen within the Palace. To find parallels or precedents, therefore, for Thursday's Royal wedding involves more careful research than at first would be thought necessary. Dean Stanley claimed for the Abbey the marriage of its builder, Henry III, but this almost certainly took place at Canterbury. It would be pleasant to believe substantial a similar claim for the wedding of

Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, wherein "was first tied together the sweet posy of the red and white roses," or that here were united the ill-fated Richard II and Anne of Bohemia, but neither can be proved from Abbey records.

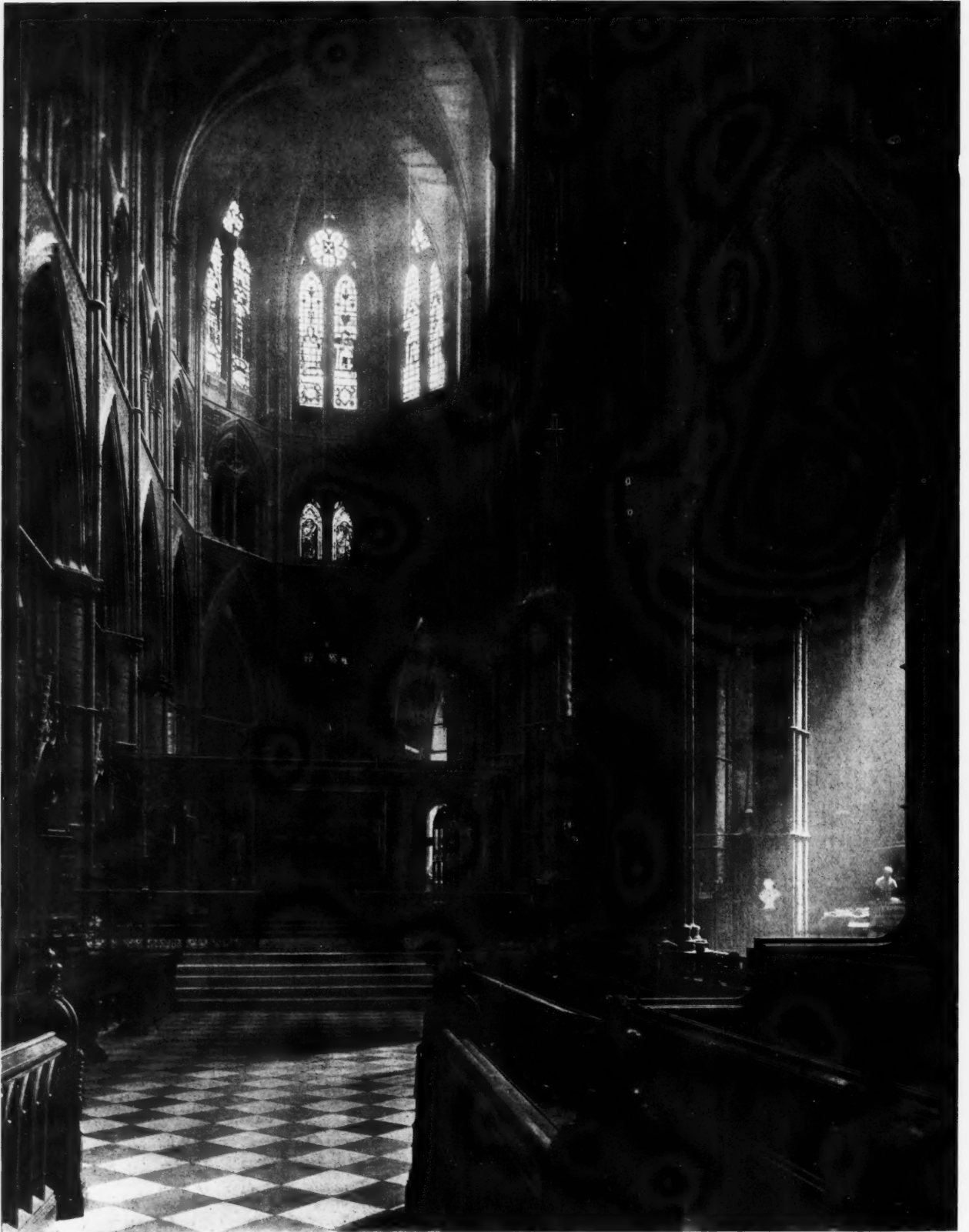
Fortunately, however, one such ceremony stands out clear and distinct. In the year 1269, just six and a half centuries ago, came Aveline, daughter and heiress of William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, to be married at the high altar of the Abbey to Edmund Crouchback, second son of Henry III. It was a marriage of singular interest, the first in the newly completed choir of the church. Hard by where Thursday's registers were signed the body of St. Edward had just been moved to its new resplendent shrine and the Norman nave was still for many a year to link St. Edward's older church to the new fabric of Henry III, thus making that continuity which merges Henry's building into the identity of that which in part it had replaced. The bride was the richest heiress of the kingdom and her wealth laid



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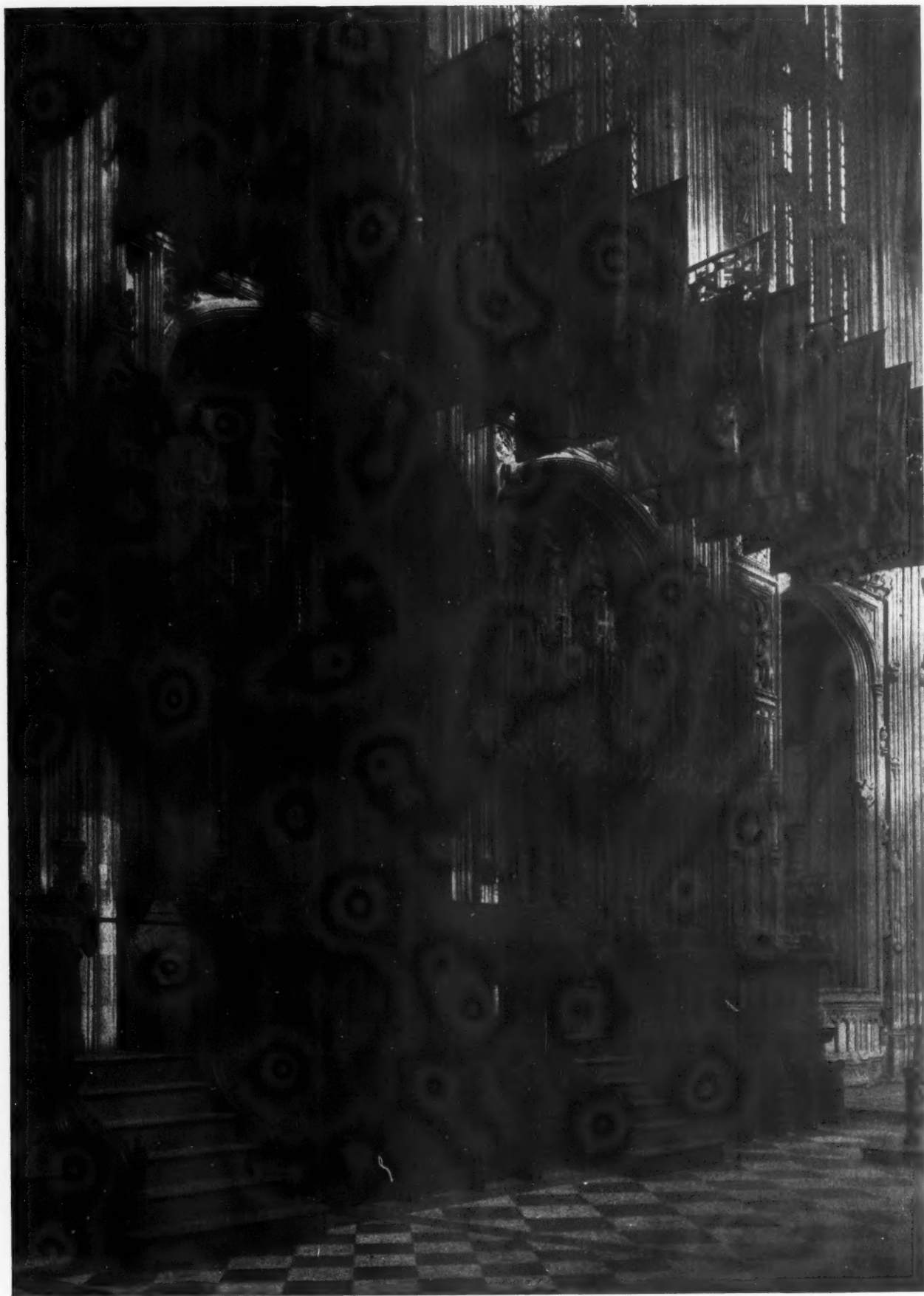
ENTRY TO HENRY VII'S CHAPEL: THE CORNER STALL LOOKING EAST IS THAT OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN HIS CAPACITY AS GREAT MASTER OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH.



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LOOKING TOWARDS THE HIGH ALTAR WHERE THE MARRIAGE WAS SOLEMNISED.



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STALLS ON NORTH SIDE OF HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

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the foundations of the power of the great Lancastrian House, while about the bridegroom hung the romance of the Crusader's vow. His task it was to be to engage in that last fruitless struggle to redeem the Holy Land from the power of the infidel. It is pleasant to remember this in connection with Thursday's ceremony now that a costlier crusade has ended in so triumphant a conclusion. Edmund and Aveline stand at the close of the first period of the Middle Ages. Thursday's bride and bridegroom go forth together at the dawn of a new and better era for the world.

But we can go further back in the history of Royal weddings in the Abbey Church. In the year 1100 Henry I, fourth and youngest son of the Conqueror, was married here to Eadgyth or Matilda, niece of Edgar the Atheling and daughter of Malcolm III and Margaret of Scotland. The importance of this union can hardly be over-estimated. It struck the first note of unity between the Norman and the English races, and as a result of it Henry has been justly styled the refounder of the English nation, while his daughter, Matilda the Empress, was as justly hailed "Lady of England and Normandy." From thenceforward intermarriages of the two races became frequent. The English had been delighted to see the Sovereign select his bride from "England's right kingly kin," even as to-day the nation has rejoiced that the bridegroom of so popular a Princess should come from a British house. It remains to record that the marriage of the Royal pair was solemnised on that most fateful of days, November 11th, surely an Armistice day then as now.

The question inevitably arises why, when Royal burials in the Abbey are so many, Royal weddings should have been so few. A satisfactory answer is not easy to come by, but it is probably to be sought in two directions. A wedding was an affair of State as much as of Church. It did not

demand the constant repetition of rites which once were universally performed in England for the repose of the soul of the monarch, the due offering of which a great monastic house was best qualified to render. The nuptial mass once over, the ceremonial of the Church was ended, so that the choice of place for the nuptial ceremony was dictated largely by convenience. It could be as effectively performed in the palace chapel as in a cathedral or abbey church. Moreover, the long-continued feud between the Abbot of Westminster and the Dean and Canons of St. Stephen's in the Palace may not have been without its influence, long after that feud was nominally settled, in determining that a Court function should be performed in the Court chapel. Simon de Montfort was so married to the widowed Countess of Pembroke, sister to Henry III, while on many a later occasion Royal weddings have been solemnised in the chapels belonging to one or other of the Royal palaces. That this tradition has been broken through is as satisfactory to the general mass of the public as it is welcome to the Abbey authorities.

The scenes of other Royal weddings have been many. Richard I married Berengaria at Cyprus, while Edward III and Philippa were united at York. In 1423 James I of Scotland married Joan Beaufort at the church of St. Mary Overy at Southwark. Katharine of Arragon was married to Prince Arthur in old St. Paul's, her later nuptials with his brother, Henry VIII, taking place at the Bishop of Salisbury's house in Fleet Street. Among the many Royal marriages in the Palace of Whitehall was that of Elizabeth, daughter of James I, to Frederick V, Count Palatine of the Rhine; and an old chronicler solemnly records that she was led to the chapel by two bachelors, Prince Charles and the Earl of Northampton, but escorted home by two married men, the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Nottingham.

## THE MARDALE GATHERING

NOVEMBER 23RD, 1918.

BY CONSTANCE HOLME.

THE sun chased us the whole forty miles that took us over Shap—and never caught us. Always its yellow fingers were striving for grip on the back of the Pennine Range, but never lifted it over into Westmorland. Once only, as sudden and silent as sprung corn, we saw the red ball of it hung in an unenlightened sky. But it was incredibly wrong—incredibly out of place. Even the air spurned it, refusing its light, and almost at once the flank of a fell shut it out, as something that had no business to be there.

The night had whitened the road with rime, and in the fields the white rime lay between stretches of grey-green grass. The bracken blazed red-gold on the dull canvas of the new day. It ran by the white road like a stream of molten metal. On the tender colours of the turf it lay like the burnished copper of flung shields. Everywhere there was the warm green of the broom—that young, live green so strange to the eye amid the splendid shades of death.

On Shap Moor the sun had long since fallen behind. The great undulating space that had no visible edges was still bleak with the dawn. The rich darkness of the deflowered heather patched the faint gold of the bents that had the colour and almost the gloss of an English maiden's hair. There were little ice-pools among the black moss-hags. A grouse whirled heavily before us, as if its wings were still cramped with sleep. Only the black-capped snow-pests were awake, that watch for the wayfarer all the long night through.

And then, in a few twisting miles, the hills had taken us, sprung out of nowhere, so it seemed, close, towering, terrible, one part man's, but three parts always the gods'. Wood, homestead and garden have captured their feet, but the spirit stays untamable and aloof. None but the sleep, that dumbest of dumb things, may inhabit the higher land. And, at the dale-head, shut like a door, where there is no way out but over the great bodies themselves, when the farms have gone, and the road, and the long, gentle lake, still the sleep remain. Only the sheep, with whom all secrets are safe, may remain in the courts of Those Whom No Man Knows.

And still the sun had not caught us, though it was driving the mist through Gatescarth Pass with flails of gold, swathing

it round the black face of Harter as with a veil, leaping across the valley to touch the hunched back of Riggindale, and crossing again to set a golden helmet on Kidsty Pike. The mist between the two was blowing, blowing—shredding away and away like smoke from a tranquil pipe. But against the great, soft curve of the fells there is Nan Bield, and the little tarns, and the great, uplifted Roman way that stretches for ever towards the North, the heavy curtain of vapour still trailed on the grey-green ground.

Even the inn, set like a full-stop at the end of the road, and crouched under the scaring wall of Brant, seemed still half asleep in its comforting cloak of trees. And then suddenly there was the golden call of a horn, and the deep asking of a hound, and Bowman, that splendid monument to the imperishable hunting instinct in man, had begun the day.

But in the fells there is no jarring flurry or violent going-forth. All things slide and slip like the shadows and the mist. Quietly, before one knew, he was on the slope, his scarlet vest and black velvet cap painted higher and higher against the reared-up face, where the boulders for ever were poised to fall and for ever never fell. The hounds, slim, light, delicately boned almost as whippets, inexhaustible and intent, dappled the hillside as the sunlight dapples through trees. Always, from different levels, came the urging of the horn and the longing note of the hound. Eyes following saw the hunt slip over the top as into another world, gone as the soul goes when time has come to an end. And after it vanished the famous huntsman, carrying his fine age, his long service, his hunting tradition that runs straight through a half-dozen generations, into the vast, unthinkable, measureless Beyond. And, as he went, a hawk rose out of the void that had swallowed him up, and came floating on calm wings over our heads.

But after that sudden bereavement fresh life flowed, though still almost imperceptibly, into the Dale. The sun rose and stepped down, like a king from his throne, but always his blessing was as the blessing of Isaac, that blesses but once, or, at the most, twice. Never all day did it touch the heart of the Dale. But silently all the time the shepherds were coming in, and the sturdy, black-maned sheep,

and the dogs with their anciently-wise eyes. And when the wandered sheep had been claimed or apportioned, and noon approached, and the day warmed, the tide of life and good fellowship gathered itself and rose higher. All about the inn were voices and laughter and clear whistles and the barking of dogs, and inside the inn talk and feasting and the jingle of glass and the broad clank of metalled boots on flagged floors. And then Bowman dropped back into the Dale as suddenly as he had soared out, a priest with his sacrifice offered, an artificer of tradition with his new link forged in the chain of the years.

Later, there were dog-trials by the river on the Green that seems to have been made in passing by the sudden stamp of a giant's foot. Slowly the light gave, until the lithe dogs handling the sheep on the stretching plain fled on their long spurts like wraiths of dogs shepherding in dreams. The shrill whistles clove into hidden space and were lost as a shot is lost in the night. But, as the world

narrowed the sense of common humanity grew. From the shadowy group of shepherds high by the farmyard wall came always laughter and applause, even though the dawn might never return, and though the mountains, in going, remained closer and more terrible because they were not seen. Over the passes the mists were lowered continually into place, the unassailable doors of Those Whom No Man Knows.

The night deepened, but still the inn throbbed and rang with life. Its eyes shone, and the voice that came out of it was a voice that sang. Under the low roof there was no fear, though all over the Dale was a huge, brooding wing, so that the chill water was blackened, and the owls calling beyond the windows called as if in the lost places of the soul. But in that little ring of laughter and light all was well. Man and the dumb friend of man drew together and were not afraid; the one because he had his god beside him, the other because he had God in himself.

## THE KELPIE

I'm feared o' the road ayont the glen;  
I'm sweir to pass the place  
Whaur the water's rinnin', for a' folk ken  
There's a kelpie sits at the fit o' the den  
And there's them that's seen his face.

But whiles he watches an' whiles he hides  
An' whiles, gin nae wind manes,  
Ye can hear him roarin' frae whaur he bides  
An' the sound o' him splashin' agin the sides  
O' the rocks an' the muckle stanes.

When the mune gae's doon at the arn-tree's back  
In a wee wee weary licht,  
Ma bed-claes up to ma' lugs I tak',  
For I mind the swirl o' the water black  
An' the cry i' the fearsome nicht.

And lang an' fell is yon road to me  
As I come frae the schule;  
I daurna' think what I'm like to see  
When dark fa's airly on bush an' tree  
At Martinmas an' Yule.

Beside the crusie my mither reads,  
"Ma bairn," says she, "ye've heard  
The Lord is mindfu' o' a' oor needs  
An' His shield an' buckler's abune the heids  
O' them that keep His word."

But I'm a laddie that's no that douce,  
An' fechtin's a bonnie game;  
The dominie's palmies\* are little use,  
An' mony's the Sawbath I'm rinnin' loose  
When a'body thinks I'm hame.

Dod, noo we're nearin' the short'nin' days,  
It's cannie I'll hae to gang,  
An' keep frae fechtin' an' sic-like ways  
An' no be tearin' ma Sawbath claes  
Afore that the nichts grow lang.

Richt guid an' couthie I'll need to be,  
But it's leein' to say I'm glad;  
I ken there's troubles that folk maun dree  
An' the kelpie's no like to shift for me,  
Sae, gin thae warlocks are feared o' Thee,  
Lord, mak' me a better lad!

\* Strokes on the hand.

VIOLET JACOB.



**M**ARPLE, derived from Mere-pool, "mere" being the Cheshire word for lake, is situated about four miles south-east of Stockport in a commanding position on a rock of red sandstone. A short terrace on the north side, bordered by a low wall, overlooks a steep precipice, the ground falling sheer down from the terrace to the River Goyt which flows beneath. The beauty of its structure and the romantic character and interest of the building and its surroundings place Marple second to none among the old manor houses of Cheshire.

The original house, one gable of which is still standing, was probably built by the Vernons of Haddon Hall in the reign of Henry VII, and the position was no doubt chosen for purposes of fortification, the north side being practically impregnable. From the Vernons the estate passed to Sir Edward Stanley of Tong, Salop, who sold it in 1606 for £240, together with The Place and Wyberslegh Hall—two smaller houses in the neighbourhood—to Henry Bradshawe, younger son of William Bradshawe of Bradshawe, Derbyshire. This Henry Bradshawe was succeeded in 1619 by his son Henry, generally termed "the younger," who pulled down most of the original house and in 1658 built the greater part of Marple as it stands to-day, the charming old stables bearing date 1666. Henry Bradshawe

married Catherine, daughter and co-heiress of Ralph Winnington of Offerton, and had, with other sons, John, born in 1602, afterwards the notorious judge whose signature heads the list of those who signed the death warrant of Charles I, and who presided at his trial.

The stone of which the house is built, probably cut out of the rock on which it stands, is of a warm pink colour. The windows are mullioned, and some of them were, in the early part of the nineteenth century, replaced by sash-windows. The main approach is on the south side from the Stockport Road, leading through a well wooded park up to the entrance, under a massive oak gateway set in a high wall. The low doorway leads into a square hall with a stone floor and oak-beamed ceiling, characteristic of the old Puritan house and distinct from the lofty vaulted and galleried hall of Elizabethan and Jacobean date.

This hall, probably the former dining-room, contains some fine complete suits of armour dating from Henry VII to the Commonwealth, charming hooded hall-porter chairs, oak coffers and pewter dishes. One can almost picture the grim old Puritans seated round the gate-legged table, pledging each other in many a solemn toast, replenishing their flagons from the leather "black Jack" which remains on the side-board to this day.



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MARPLE HALL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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The present dining-room, modernised in the early part of the nineteenth century, has a bow window to the north facing the terrace which overlooks the precipice, with a gorgeous view over the River Goyt and the surrounding hills. On this terrace the phantom of Charles I is said to walk, holding his head in his hands. This room contains a fine portrait of Queen Elizabeth painted by Marcus Gheeraerts on a panel. The Queen has in one hand a sieve, upon which is inscribed the Italian motto: "In terra il ben mal dimora in sella" ("On earth good sits badly in the saddle"). The face—as in most of her portraits—is flat and inexpressive, without any lines or shadows. On one side of the background are a globe and two curious Italian mottoes: "Vedo

with a feeling of intensest living sadness. The whole atmosphere is impregnated with mystery and suggestive of romance and tragedy, love and death. Shadowy forms glide before one, whispering voices fill the air, ghostly footsteps follow one through the rooms. The place is alive with memories which take definite shape and form, insistent and assertive, the all-pervading haunting sadness giving it a character of its own which must strike even the most prosaic and unimaginative visitor.

Opening out of a long, narrow passage which traverses the whole length of the house on the first floor is the room said to have been occupied by the regicide. It contains a splendid old oak four-post bed, richly carved and inscribed with curious mottoes. On the outside runs the following:

A man without mercy of mercy shall miss  
But he shall have mercy that merciful is.

Round the inside: "Sleep not till V consider how V have spent the day; if well, thank God, if not, repent." The lattice window, which contains small panes of coloured glass, is engraved with the verse:

My brother Henry shall heir the land  
My brother Frank shall be at his command

While I, poor Jack, shall do that  
Which all the world shall wonder at.

These lines, tradition states, were scribbled by President Bradshaw on a tombstone in the churchyard at Macclesfield when he was being educated at the town Grammar School. Above the chimneypiece are painted the arms of Judge Bradshaw and his wife, a Marbury of Marbury, Cheshire, and on either side are two framed panels, one containing a quotation from Proverbs, the other the following reflection: "Although thou be for thy pedigree accounted as wise as Solomon, in power as mighty as Alexander, in wealth as rich as Croesus, or for thy beauty as Flora, yet if thou be careless of religion and of thy God, thou art a wretch most vile and miserable."

On the opposite side of the passage is an oak-panelled ante-room with a curious gilt frieze. A handsome coat of arms of the family—also gilt—is over the chimneypiece. A short, broad oak staircase constructed when the height of the drawing-room was altered at the beginning of the last century, leads from this ante-room up to the drawing-room which is situated above the dining-room and is precisely the same size. Two very fine pieces

of Gobelin's tapestry hang on the principal walls. These are probably "Autumn" and "Winter," two of a set of four, described by Muntz as representing the four seasons. The facework on one piece is what is called "low warp" tapestry, which means that the tapestry is worked on a loom horizontally and from behind on a coloured design. These four pieces formed a companion set to "The Elements," now at Windsor Castle. All were originally designed by Le Brun, but were reproduced by his colleague and successor Jacques Le Blond (1670-1741), the inventor of chromo-lithography.

"Autumn" is represented by the god Bacchus and the goddess Diana with weapons of the chase. Within a wreath of flowers, supported by Bacchus, is seen Louis XIV on horseback, hunting the stag with hounds, the château of



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THE OLD STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tutto e molto manca" ("I see everything and much is lacking"); "Stanco riposo e riposando affano" ("Weary I rest and resting I am in trouble"). An almost identical portrait was discovered at Siena in 1895 by Professor Franchi. A very fine piece of Flemish tapestry, representing the making of wine, hangs in this room, the date being about the end of the seventeenth century.

Leaving the dining-room, we cross the hall and ascend the old oak staircase with its broad, shallow steps and massive balusters adorned with vases of richly carved fruit and flowers.

It is impossible not to be struck with the romantic character of the house, which possesses a compelling charm, firing the imagination and conjuring up pictures of the past



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THE STABLE BUILDINGS FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



LEAD RAIN-WATER PIPES ON THE WEST SIDE.



LEAD RAIN-WATER HEAD ON THE SOUTH FRONT.

Fontainebleau in the background. This piece is signed by Le Blond, who was head of the tapestry works at this date, and is further adorned by the royal cypher and a crown. The corresponding piece, representing "Winter," has a background, stony and desolate, with a frozen river, dead trees and a deserted looking château. In the foreground are implements connected with sport, dead game and fish. The centre is occupied by the figures of Pan, the god of Pleasure, who holds a wine cup, and of a winged Father Time with a scythe, pointing to the entrance to Hades set in a wreath of flowers. This piece is signed "La Croix." The colours are brilliant, and both pieces are in perfect preservation. There is no record of how they were acquired, but they were probably bought out of some château at the time of the French Revolution. The room also contains interesting family portraits, good miniatures and some beautiful Oriental china.

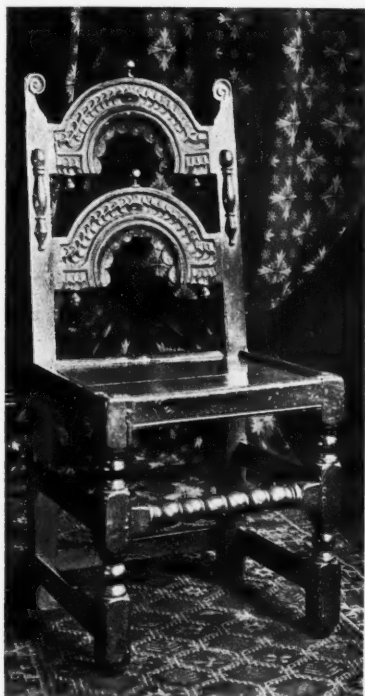
Among portraits of numerous ancestors and ancestresses hanging on the walls of the principal staircase is that of an evil-looking woman holding a small spaniel in her arms. This is Moll of Brabyns, who is said to haunt the house looking for her wedding ring. No ring is to be seen on the wedding finger of her left hand. Her history is unknown, but she married, about the middle of the eighteenth century, Nathaniel Isherwood, the last of the Bradshaws in the female line, the family thus becoming Bradshawe-Isherwood, as it continues to this day. As illustrative of how strongly Marple is impregnated with the individuality of its former inmates, I give the following curious story. I make no comment upon it, but merely give it as it was told to me. The events took place quite recently, and the facts were all noted and written down at the time and are corroborated by several witnesses.

In the summer of 1907 the four year old grandson of the present owner paid a visit to Marple, his parents being abroad. He was put with his nurse into the old nursery, a large room at the top of the house. The first night of his arrival he awoke between the hours of twelve and two, complaining to his nurse of the "muzzy old woman" who was sitting at the foot of his bed. He described exactly the appearance of the woman in the portrait, and he also spoke of the dog she carried. The child did not seem at all alarmed, only annoyed, complaining that he did not like the old woman, and imitating her sour face. The nurse soothed the child, and after a time he went to sleep. Every night during the week of his stay the same thing happened between the same hours. The nurse saw nothing. In October of this same year, 1907, the boy again paid a visit to his grandparents and, as before, occupied the same room with his nurse. The first night of their arrival the nurse put the boy to bed in his little cot, which had high sides impossible for a child so young to get out of, and went down to her supper, leaving a night-light burning, and with instructions to a maid next door to go at once to the child if she heard him call. The maid presently joined the nurse at supper, reporting that all was quiet. Shortly after this the child's voice was heard outside the servants' hall, and he was found by his horrified nurse standing with bare feet and only his little nightshirt on, quite warm and not at all frightened. Asked who brought him downstairs, he replied, "Daddy came and put the light on and carried me down." That night the child's father was at Segovia. The maids, all greatly alarmed, rushed upstairs to find when they reached the room that it was impossible to open the door—the only one into the room—although it was not locked. After great efforts the door was forced open and a large armchair was found jammed between it and a chest of drawers. The electric light was

full on, and one side of the child's crib was down—an impossible thing for him to have accomplished himself. Seven years later, the story having been forgotten, the child's younger brother, also aged four, was given the same room. He had no disagreeable experience, but he was continually speaking of an old woman with a dog who told him he must go away.

The theory is that Moll of Brabyns, having had none of her own, resents the presence of children in the house at all, and that—in the case of the elder child—his guardian angel must have assumed the shape of his father in order to remove the child from the harmful influence in the room without unduly alarming him. Needless to say, the room is no longer used as a nursery.

Another ghost said to haunt Marple is that of Anne Bradshawe, niece of the regicide, who loved a cavalier, to whom she was



OAK CHAIR IN DINING-ROOM.

secretly engaged. On his way from Chester to Rowton Heath, carrying despatches to Charles I he was benighted and called at Marple to beg for a night's shelter, hoping also to see his beloved. He was well received by Colonel Bradshawe, who, however, suspecting that the despatches contained matters relating to himself or his family, while offering to show him the way through the wood and across the Goyt, then in flood, treacherously directed him to the deepest part of the river, and both cavalier and horse were drowned. In support of this legend a helmet, spurs and bridle were discovered in the bed of the river some fifty years ago when the mere pool was drained. Want of space forbids my giving a description of the old walled garden, famous for its hollyhocks and bright with every variety of sweet old-fashioned flower. E. NEWTON.



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THE HALL FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

# ENGLISH TABLES FROM 1600—1800.—II

BY PERCY MACQUOID.

JACOBEAN and Cromwell oak dining-tables, being of exceedingly strong construction, remained in use until the practice of dining in the hall was discontinued, and we find 8ft. and 10ft. specimens with sturdy, straight legs dated in the carving as late as 1720. Even in the new Charles II dining-rooms the old drawer-top tables must at first have been continued to be used, as they are seen in contemporary pictures; but with the advent of the twisted leg (*circa* 1660) oval or round tables made of walnut or oak with two flaps, and some capable of seating as many as sixteen people, became fashionable, the extra legs, balustered or twisted, swung out gate fashion to support the flaps. There is an interesting account of a supper given to Charles II in 1669, described in the travels of Cosmo, third Duke of Tuscany, when visiting the English Court, where seventeen guests are accommodated at one of these oval tables and "stools without backs are used according to the custom of the country." This type, known as a gate-table, was made in all sizes without any carving, and is too well known to need illustrating. The twisted leg rapidly grew in favour, and was applied to the valuable inlaid and also the rare silver specimens decorating the beautifully furnished rooms constructed after the Restoration.

Twisted legs connected with stretchers became popular between 1656 and 1675. Fig. 11 shows an early specimen



FIG. 11.—ORNAMENTAL SMALL TABLE. WALNUT, top inlaid with plain marqueterie and crowned cypher of Charles II, legs an open twist. *Circa* 1670. Property of the Duke of Manchester, Kimbolton.

evidently made for Charles II, being inlaid with his cypher in ivory and a geometrical and early marqueterie in brown-coloured woods. The slow twist to the legs with their flat bun feet, the shallow frame and the curved flat stretcher all point to the date *circa* 1670. A great quantity of plain tables were made of this type, the tops being often inlaid with an "oyster shell" veneer intersected by bandings of bleached walnut bordered with box, holly and other light-coloured woods; and, in the more elaborate, marqueterie flowers of

coloured woods, sometimes introducing green stained leaves with ivory jasmine, the drawers being embellished with the same decoration. The twist to the legs gradually grew closer and thicker as the fashion proceeded, and was at times intersected by a central knop. New and full of bright suggestion, this style quickly inspired fresh novelties, the greatest being the introduction of the curved or S scroll leg about 1675. The date of this fashion can be proved by the silver table at Knole, hall-marked 1680; while another most elaborate silver table on quickly twisted legs in the Royal Collection at Windsor (Fig. 13) shows that the two styles in these articles of fashion ran *pari passu*. This latter remarkable and most interesting historical object is illustrated here by the gracious permission of His Majesty the King. The top and sides are covered with plates of silver, finely and sharply embossed with a design of scrolled acanthus terminating in flowers and berried husks; a centre is formed by the cypher of Charles II surmounted by his Royal Crown. This decoration is contained within a running border of acanthus cornering in small escutcheons; the legs are of thick silver and filled for strength with composition, the stretchers and feet carrying out in their exquisite workmanship the rest of the table.

This table is noticed by Celia Fiennes in her description of Windsor Castle in 1698: "Thence into ye Drawing roome where is the large



FIG. 12.—TABLE. Ebony covered with perforated and embossed silver plates of foreign workmanship. The twist to the leg and restless curves of the stretcher can be attributed to the same source. Property of the Duke of Buccleuch, probably French. *Circa* 1680.



FIG. 13.—TABLE, SILVER, with twisted legs and elaborate repoussé decoration. Circa 1680. Height 2ft. 10ins. At Windsor Castle. Illustrated by gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

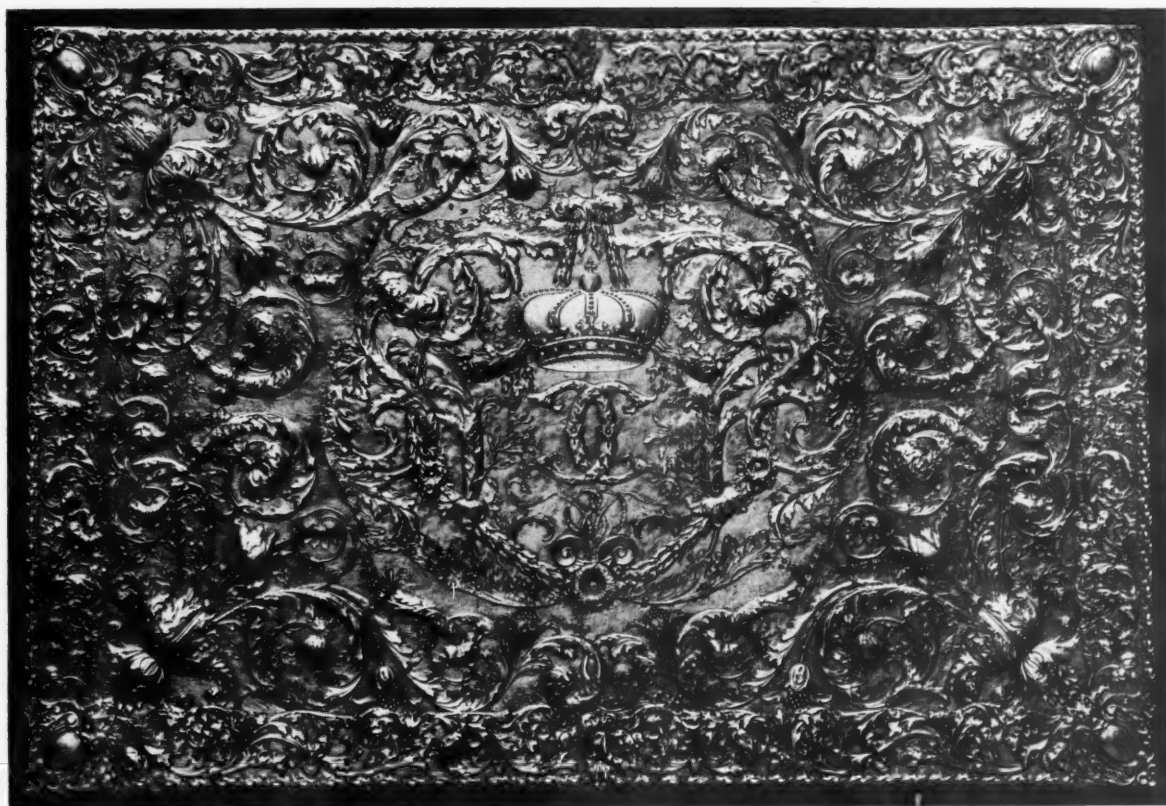


FIG. 13A.—TOP OF THE SILVER TABLE with crown and cypher of King Charles II. Size 2ft. 6ins. by 2ft. 4ins. Illustrated by gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

Branch of Silver, and ye sconces round ye roome of silver, silver table and stands and Glass frames and chair frames." The entire furniture of the room must, therefore, have been of silver. A fair number of these silver tables must have existed throughout the country in the great houses, and the Duchess of Portsmouth and even Nell Gwynne patronised such luxuries, the latter sleeping in a bed entirely covered with this precious metal. However, with the alteration of the silver standard in 1680, when plate and other ornaments were called in, much of this extravagant furniture must have been melted down.

An early S scrolled leg occurs in the little walnut wood table (Fig. 14) inlaid with isolated pieces of floral marqueterie on the curves of the legs, the stretcher and the drawers; the table top being ornamented with a geometrical pattern encircling a monogram. The same fashion can be seen with a less restrained decoration of marqueterie on another table which is of rather later date. The ingenuity of the inlaid floral pattern of the top is remarkable. Among other experiments in table legs that occurred towards the end of this reign, so remarkable for its furniture, were the elaborately carved terminal figures and busts connected by swags of flowers and scrolls which immediately preceded the ornate legs of the gilt tables produced after 1680 and onwards. One existing at Holyrood (Fig. 18) was probably made for the Duke of York's occupancy of the Palace. The work suggests the touch of a foreign craftsman; but two similar specimens existing at Ham House, one with English silver mountings ("History of English Furniture," Figs. 88 and 89), go to prove that such tables were being made here at that date. The acanthus frieze, the isolated shell, the laurelled festoons and the stretcher are English in their sentiment, while the excellent nudity of the mermaids, possibly a marine compliment to the Duke, was surely often arrived at by such sculptors as Cibber and Gibbons.

Another sculpturesque table, but eccentric from a point of evolution, is a fantastic limewood console, originally gilt and assuredly carved by Gibbons, for every detail shows his rich appreciation at the expense of true scholarly construction. The cherub heads with interlaced wings, surrounded by ribbons, fruit and flowers, are very representative of this artist, who seldom interested himself in furniture, although many elaborate mirror frames are attributed to his talent. An interesting comparison can be made between this console table and one formerly belonging to Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A. ("History of English Furniture," Vol. II, Fig. 85). From these was developed the rare and interesting type with S scrolled legs occasionally headed by charming female busts supporting the frame, as in Fig. 17. This beautiful table is veneered in burr maple wood, the carving being gilt throughout and the top inlaid with the usual oval and oblong in fine silver lines. A rather later and plainer version of this motive is seen in Fig. 15, the size of which is uncommon, being 4ft. 8ins. long and 2ft. 10ins. wide; it is veneered throughout with rosewood, the carving and mouldings being gilt.

Holyrood possesses another very interesting and untouched table of this time (Fig. 16), which in some way



FIG. 14.—SMALL TABLE, WALNUT, inlaid with a monogram and floral marqueterie. Legs S scrolled. Circa 1680. Property of the Duke of Buccleuch.



FIG. 15.—TABLE, veneered with rosewood. Ornament, gilt. Legs S scrolled. Circa 1686. Size: Length, 4ft. 8ins.; width, 2ft. 10ins. Property of Mr. Percy Macquoid.



FIG. 16.—SMALL TABLE, WALNUT, inlaid with marqueterie. Legs scrolled. Circa 1688. At Holyrood Palace.



FIG. 17.—TABLE, veneered with burr maple, the top inlaid with fine silver lines, and the carving gill. Circa 1685. Size: Length, 3ft. 10ins.; height, 2ft. 7ins.; width, 2ft. 6ins. Property of the Duke of Devonshire.

suggests the evolution of the bust-headed console legs that appeared towards the end of Charles II's reign, for the little stops supporting the frame could easily be converted into heads, while the bold curved S scroll beneath could as easily become the bosom of a goddess. The marqueterie top of this table shows the usual oval and cross bands of walnut oyster veneer, curiously repeated in the construction of the stretcher.

A superb gilt table stand shows the inversion of the console leg motive, where carving enriches the entire surface. The work is of bold, flamboyant sentiment found in late Charles II furniture, and especially on stands to lacquer cabinets. This sentiment is distinctly more generous than that of France, but avoids the coarse conventionality of contemporary Italian work.



FIG. 18.—SMALL TABLE, GILT, with marble top and central shell pendant. Legs modelled as mermaids, terminating in dolphins. Circa 1678. At Holyrood Palace.

# NATURE NOTES

## THE PIGMY ELEPHANT.

**M**R. BRYDEN, in *COUNTRY LIFE* for February 8, not only demonstrates the existence of the pigmy elephant, but suggests that there is more than one species or race of this animal. To those of us who have been able to study the matter, his conclusions appear irresistible, and the following additional facts may be of interest.

There are at least two distinct forms of dwarf elephant. The mesalla (*Elephas pumilio* Noakes) is a local species occurring in the Fernan Vaz district of the French Congo, carrying small tusks which have been stated never to exceed 15 in. in length; from the writer's recollection of the mounted specimen in the Natural History Museum this would seem, however, to be too conservative an estimate. It is this form that, in its relatively flat skull, slightly elongated body and short legs, recalls the mastodon: the direction of the tusks is, however, downwards instead of forwards, and the curve of the back is concave and not convex. The ear is of moderate size only, the rim of the pinna being straight and not folded, while posteriorly the organ sweeps in an ample curve that passes beyond the line of the shoulder, then forwards and downwards, to end in a well marked lobe. The mesalla's ear has not the sharply acute, forwardly directed apex seen in the Sudan race of the common African elephant, the lobe of the pigmy species pointing directly downwards during life.

In 1905 the New York Zoological Society purchased of Hagenbeck a young mesalla for \$2,500. The animal lived for a considerable time in the Zoological Park: at eleven years old it was only 5 ft. high, and weighed 1,650 lb., whereas a young Sudan elephant of the large species when only four years old stood 6 ft. high, with a weight of 2,300 lb. The animal was tame enough to stand for his portrait, and, in a photograph published by the Society, may be seen standing obediently by his keeper: the man, by the way, is taller than the elephant (whose well developed tusks indicate his adult age), so that there is probably truth in the native report that the mesalla is never so high as a man.

The Cameroon dwarf elephant (*Elephas cyclotis* Matschie) is best known from the young specimen captured in 1898 by Lieutenant Dominik in the Cameroon hinterland. Three young elephants were originally obtained, but two died *en route*—probably from the gastro-intestinal troubles which are the bane of elephantine infants in captivity. The third youngster arrived safely at Berlin, and was placed in the Zoological Gardens; it was quite tame, and fond of sucking the fingers of its negro attendant. This animal was at first fed on milk by the mouth, but presently learnt to draw it up its trunk from a bowl; it flourished, and in 1903 was still living in the Gardens. It was at first quite thickly covered with hair along the spine, thus recalling a young example of the large African species which the writer saw stuffed in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris; later the pigmy seems to have moulted this interesting covering. Two photo-engravings now before me, taken at a considerable interval, show that the main structural characters of this curious dwarf were constant. The characteristic rounded ear, for example, remained unaltered, its edge unfolded as in the mesalla, but the lobe so tiny as to be all but unrecognisable; the neck was rather elongated, while the little trunk was so short as to suggest the tapir-like elephants of M. le Petit. The limbs of this Cameroon dwarf were quite long—unlike those of the mesalla—while the tusks, though obviously immature, were, in the second photograph, short, straight, and directed downwards and forwards. The curve of the back was more concave than in the mesalla, and the forehead even flatter. On visiting the Berlin collection in 1909 the writer did not see the dwarf elephant, which had probably by then been gathered to its fathers.

Considerable interest also attaches to the curious West African elephant received some years ago at the Hamburg Zoological Gardens. Its skull was small and flat, the skin being smooth, greyish, and tessellated in tiny squares that recall the hide of a Sumatran elephant once photographed by the writer in the Amsterdam "Zoo." It would be interesting to know if this Hamburg animal was also a dwarf.

In conclusion, it is fitting that West Africa, which has already produced a pigmy buffalo, a pigmy buck (the royal antelope) and a pigmy hippopotamus, should now be known as the home of a pigmy elephant.

GRAHAM RENSHAW.

## THE BUZZARD AND POWERS OF FLIGHT.

The common buzzard is no longer a rare bird in the localities to which it belongs, having increased very considerably during the war. When staying in the New Forest last autumn I saw several; motoring northwards I saw several more in Cumberland about Christmas-time—in fact, it was not far from Keswick that we came across two fine specimens, tied with wings outspread to a roadside gate as a token of some gunner's prowess. It was pathetic to view the noble creatures, their marvellous wings spread to the driving rain, their feathers stained with patches of gore; and, turning from this sad scene, it was a pleasure to find that here in Scotland the buzzard can be seen daily,

hanging motionless in the wind, slowly to turn and glide off through space with no movement of the wings, yet at a speed which, owing to the bird's size, is difficult to realise. It is only when the buzzard comes low down over the trees that one is able to realise the prodigious speed of that turning glide, and of all masters of aviation the buzzard is among the most majestic to watch. I have seen one rise suddenly skywards a matter of several hundred feet with no movement of the wings, hanging the time over the same point of land; then, by an almost imperceptible adjustment of the angle of the wings, it will turn up wind or down, encircling the whole valley in one gigantic, floating sweep. Similarly, I have watched them hang for thirty minutes over and about the same ridge, adjusting height or direction simply by altering the angle of their planes to meet requirements and conditions. If the powers of the albatross in the way of gliding and soaring surpass those of the buzzard, they must, indeed, be a joy to behold.

It is very seldom that one sees the buzzard flying singly. Last month I counted nine of them soaring together over the same glen, but four is the usual number. Congregated thus they start at one end of a lofty ridge and work it systematically to the other end, soaring and gliding seldom more than half a mile apart, and at altitudes varying from one hundred to perhaps two thousand feet. Usually one of the four hangs in mid-air away in the offing, a mere speck in the sky, while the others systematically quarter the ground, at times swooping in playful pursuit of each other, and uttering a not unmusical note of "kew-keew-kew!" as they swoop. When they come to earth they do so in a long glide with wings pointing almost vertically upwards, appearing just to flick the earth's surface, then rising again to the original altitude with no suggestion of effort.

Since the buzzard feeds so largely on destructive rodents and useless matter, it is to be hoped that it will be allowed to remain with us in its present numbers—if only as a relic of a bygone age of noble bird life, a thing to be preserved as we would preserve a beautiful picture or some remaining pinnacle of an historic building.

## CURIOUS HABITS OF INDIVIDUAL SQUIRRELS.

In Toronto a few years ago there was a great outcry against the squirrels, it being said on every side that unless the city forfeited an ornament to its suburban parks in the way of the little red tree-dweller, the song birds would most assuredly go. Though, of course, it is well known that squirrels are guilty of depredations of this kind, I am inclined to think it is a matter of individual tastes rather than a general habit of the squirrel kind, for near to my own door a squirrel has spent the spring within sight of the nests of missel-thrushes and common song birds without interfering with any of them. Indeed, it is seldom one comes across examples of the squirrel as a bird-killer in this country, though I have known individual squirrels to develop most unusual habits as regards their food. When one squirrel in a certain locality takes to destroying young birds, the example is quickly followed by the rest of the community, the bad habit becoming an epidemic impossible to check. The squirrel that has once indulged in ruthless massacre soon does it again, initiating his wife and his friends till no nest in the district is safe.

As a concrete example that bird-killing is, in the first place, the result of individual inclinations in the squirrel, a gentleman in Kirkcudbrightshire found one spring that several nests of young birds in his shrubbery had been ruthlessly pillaged, and suspicion naturally fell upon the cat, which thereafter was kept imprisoned in the kennels. The destruction continued, however, and one day the gardener caught a squirrel red-handed, in the very act of devouring a fledgeling, which it had not even troubled to kill. The little renegade was shot on the spot, whereupon the destruction promptly ceased, though there were several squirrels occupying the same part of the grounds.

A short time ago I came across an even more surprising example of a squirrel's originality in the way of diet. This creature lived a solitary life in a little frequented and well wooded valley of the Kells Hills—one of those quiet spots Nature seems to lay aside for her peace-loving kindred.

Near to a bend in the burn I regularly saw the squirrel, generally rooting among the leaves at the water's edge, though one morning I noticed him paddling about among the pebbles in a shallow sidewash. This struck me as curious, and, watching intently, I presently saw the little animal take what looked like a nut or a pebble from the water. Mounting to a dry place he cracked the article in his teeth, consumed its contents, then renewed his search, nosing about in the shallow water with his tail held high and dry. Making no further find he scampered off to a second bywash lower down and there repeated his activities.

Going up to the place I found that the objects of the animal's searchings were a species of small, black, hard-shelled water snail or fresh water winkle, which were to be found attached to the underside of the larger pebbles. Here, then, is an example of an individual squirrel developing far more surprising tastes than those first referred to, turning from the trees to the widely different occupation of fishing for a living.

H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

## A RECORD OF RECORDS

THE record price ever paid for a Shorthorn at a public sale in this country was exceeded on February 20th, when Gartley Lancer the First, a champion Shorthorn bull, was sold at Penrith for the remarkable figure of 4,750 guineas. This bull, the property of Mr. J. W. Barnes of Aikbank, Wigton, who is stated to have bought him last year for £189, was calved in 1917, and found a purchaser in Mr. M. Marshall of Stranraer. It was in 1875, at the disposal of Lord Dunmore's famous herd, that Lord Fitzhardinge gave 4,500 guineas for the bull, "Duke of Cambridge," and since then this has remained the record price. This sum was, however, approached during the same week as witnessed the sale of the champion Shorthorn, Gartley Lancer the First, as 4,200 guineas were realised at Birmingham for the King's champion, while on the same occasion Lord Manvers' reserve champion was also sold at that figure. If the purchasing power of money to-day be taken into account it would appear that the record of 1875 has not been exceeded, except in the actual sum in cash which changed hands.



G. H. Parsons.

Shorthorn bull Gartley Lancer, owned by Mr. J. Barnes, Wigton. Sold at Penrith for 4,750 guineas, the British record price.

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## THE CONTINUED NEED OF ARMY GARDENS

IN last week's number a brief account was given of the work still being contemplated for the Army gardens in France, Belgium and the occupied German territory. There is a considerable danger that many people will come to the conclusion, now that the war has virtually ended, that the need for this cultivation has passed away. But a little consideration will show that it is as urgent as ever. For some time to come there will be armies of occupation in the territory of the conquered countries. Wherever they are they will have to face a very great shortage of food. It is very possible that the wily Hun has been up to now exaggerating the shortness of food in Germany, but no reasonable doubt can be entertained that there is the certainty of scanty supplies for the ensuing months. The workers have been away fighting and they have not, on returning, organised the labour of the fields. It is indeed impossible that in the course of a season or several seasons they can bring back the vanished fertility to the soil. In the devastated districts of France and Belgium the reclamation of land turned into waste must go on even more slowly. We need have no more convincing proof of that than the extraordinary price of vegetables at the present moment in Paris, where the ordinary necessities of the table are at famine prices. But it is unnecessary to emphasise a fact so obvious as this, that the maintenance of Army gardens remains urgent. From the Director-General of Army Gardens on the French Front and his English collaborator Miss Helen Colt we have received a pamphlet dealing with the practical side of the question. It has many points of interest, not the least of which is that it forms a valuable little handbook of intensive horticulture. One feature especially deserves attention. This will be found in the chapter headed "Selection of American, English and French Varieties of Vegetables for Interchangeable Use." The gardener who is only working at home will find much that is of great value in these pages because only the few know what varieties will do as well in one country as in the other. This is a very important question at the present moment, when a considerable quantity of our garden seeds must be obtained from France. Either they cannot be grown satisfactorily in our climate or they are not grown in sufficient quantities, with the result that the prices are more than the ordinary gardener has been accustomed to pay. We cannot give the entire list here, but a few examples may be given of vegetables that are in this sense interchangeable.

For instance, the French carrot, Carotte St. Valéry, or the medium sized Nantaise, may be replaced by the English James' Intermediate and Altringham, or by Danvers' half-long Orange (American). The white Céleri Chemin is

interchangeable with Standard Bearer and Invincible White (English), or White Plume and Golden Yellow Self-Blanching (American). Of cabbages a very considerable number grow practically as well in one country as in the other. The brochure is well worth obtaining by the British cultivator. We have an advanced copy of it and understand it is to be given gratis to those who are interested. It is published at Versailles by the Œuvre des Pépinières Nationales du Touring-Club de France.

Another feature which will be of value to the exact cultivator is the one giving details of cultivation for an Army garden of two acres for two hundred men. It is worth noticing at the beginning that the French calculate on producing from fifty square yards a full year's supply of vegetables for one man, and many of our readers will, we are sure, like to know details of the scheme. Probably the English consumer will regard the provision as almost too liberal. The crops are divided into three sections: Leaf and stem vegetables, including cabbage, salad, plants, onions, etc.; root crops and tubers; and leguminous crops. There is also a division of the crops according to season. The amount allowed per man is 17oz. a day, or 3cwt. 6lb. 13oz. per year. With his style of cultivation M. Truffaut, needless to say, expects good returns. We give a few of his figures without comment. They will at least supply a standard towards which the English grower may work. He begins with the early turnip, which he sows in April in sterilised soil at the rate of 10z. to 30 square yards. The sowing is done in a line, three or four seeds together at stations 3ins. apart and allowing 6ins. or 8ins. between the rows; the amount of crop is given as 3cwt. 104lb., the figures probably being taken from the results of the work done in the gardens at Versailles. In cabbage, Green's Express is taken as a typical plant. Of this kind, 4,460 plants from the nursery are planted out at the rate of nine plants to the square yard over a surface of 496yds.; the amount of crops is given as 2 tons 3cwt. 100lb. The amount of advance crop from 576 square yards is 2 tons 7cwt. 93lb. In March 8oz. of carrots, Early Nantes, are sown over a surface of 340 square yards in drills 9ins. apart, and the yield is 18cwt. 81lb. James' Intermediate yields 1 ton 14cwt. 81lb. from a sowing of 17oz., set over a surface of 700 square yards in drills 10ins. apart. Other crops sown in place are Dwarf French beans, turnip Early Milan, onion Zittau, onion Improved Reading, Dwarf Sugar Pea and radish Scarlet Globe.

It would occupy too much space to give the whole of the vegetables, and we shall only note here and there one in turning over the pages. The onion Silver Skin is planted 10,000 plants at the rate of 100 to the square yard, over a

surface of 100 square yards, the seeds being sown in August or September; the amount of crop, 3cwt., 104lb. Tomato Sunrise is planted out during the second fortnight in May at the rate of four plants to the square yard, 148 plants over a surface of 37yds. The result in crop, 2cwt., 106lb. Early potatoes planted on 1,988yds., the seed amounting to 4cwt., 81lb., yields a crop of 3 tons, 18cwt., 29lb. This seems fairly good for early potatoes. The varieties recommended are Beauty of Hebron, Myatt's Ashleaf, Sharp's Victor (white), British Queen, Windsor Castle (English), Early Ohio and Produce (American). The main crop of potatoes planted in April at the rate of 8cwt., 61lb. on 4,035 square yards amounted to a crop of 7tons, 18cwt., 95lb.

No doubt many would find it an interesting experiment to take a couple of acres and deal with them according to these directions, comparing results with those shown in the pamphlet. There are, no doubt, to be many differences in detail between the results obtained here and in France. The

French, as a rule, are more skilled than the English in growing salad plants, cauliflowers, perhaps, too, onions and leeks; but the advantage would be with this country in regard to such crops as potatoes. At any rate, it is of very great value to have this clear and definite table of directions set out by a grower of such very great skill as M. Truffaut, in language that everyone will understand. His directions contain many hints worth acting upon. For one thing, experience has confirmed him in the great advantage arising from semi-sterilisation of the soil. The present objection to it is one of expense; but in point of fact our old growers used to understand the principle well enough. The system of preparing and burning worn-out pastures, for instance, was that and nothing more. The English peasant who keeps a great bonfire going, and burns on it not only couch and other of the deep-rooted weeds, but clay and earth as well, and then spreads the ashes over the land is really, although he does not know it, semi-sterilising the soil.

## LITERATURE

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK

*The Great War Brings It Home*, by John Hargrave. (Constable.)

**M**R. JOHN HARGRAVE is an enthusiast and, according to his own coy confession, young, features which will be allowed their due weight in this stimulating and suggestive, though rather inchoate volume. The author has taken a leading part in training and teaching Boy Scouts. Also when the war was raging he was not one of those who stood idly in the market place. What he preaches in this book is the doctrine of the open air. As the covenanter attributed all the evil of humanity to original sin, so does he find the source and fountain of all the evils that have befallen England in the town and street. His message is that we should go and live in the country and, in Arcadia, not give ourselves up to sloth and mere enjoyment, but live a hard life. Live and sleep in the open air, practise the virtues of the noble savage and, generally speaking, return to something like primitive simplicity. It is really a very wholesome doctrine, and whoever preaches it should incur no censure, even if he should cross the t's with an axletree and splash the dots of the i's with a paint brush. We are not at all inclined to his view that the men of this country have shown themselves a feeble folk during the great war.

These things go by comparison, and it would be difficult indeed to point to any nation in the world that produced a finer Army than the British. If the English boy soldier had a superior it was his own kith and kin. The first of the New Zealanders and Australians—and we might add Canadians—who came over were extraordinarily fine specimens of manhood, which was, perhaps, due to the fact that they are in the habit of living more in the open air than we do at home. But after all, there are greater things even than perfect bodily fitness, and the pursuit of literature, politics, science and art are not altogether conducive to perfection of body. Life is always a compromise of some sort or another, and so the moderate-minded citizen says: "By all means take the young men and women into the open air as much as possible." Give them the motto "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" and let them not fail to emphasise the second clause. The healthy body is as important as a sane mind. But, at the same time, we cannot all abandon libraries and ledgers, the bench, the factory, the shop, in order to live what a servant in *Punch*, with delightful malapropism, called "the sinful life" in the country. This is to moderate not to question the author's gospel. Even those who are most staunchly convinced that there is nothing degenerate in the British race would be very far from trying to argue that our people are without spot or blemish. Their physical condition could be immensely improved. That is particularly true of the present moment.

Nothing is sadder in connection with the war than the sweeping away of the ablest in body, most generous in mind of that generation which in the natural course of things would have had the fortunes of the country in their keeping. To put it with almost brutal simplicity, the strongest and best of the herd have been killed. They should have been the fathers of the new generation, whereas the onus of parenthood will fall to a large extent on the unfit. It is only too

true that the consumptive, the feeble-minded, the degenerate bulk largely among those who are left, and it would be worse than idle to expect a great generation to spring from their loins. Nobody can fail to sympathise with the author's plea that the greatest care should in the future be given to the children of the slain. The vital statistics on which so many people rely to show how much more healthy this generation is than any other, are not trustworthy. Endless trouble in our time is taken to prolong the lives of the ailing, the partially insane, and the old, who, were they to linger on for many decades past the natural life of man, would add nothing to the strength of the country. Their existence, however, helps to make the birth and death statistics look better than they are in reality. Owing to the waste of war it is incumbent on all of us in these times to do whatever is possible for the preservation of healthy young life, and certainly the open air is the best agency at our disposal. That indeed has been recognised for a long time past. If it were not true there would be no excuse whatever for the waste of hours involved in play and sport. Golf itself would be a very indifferent pastime if it did not infuse new life and energy into the player. Shooting and hunting, are justifiable on the same basis. Undoubtedly the success achieved by this country in the war was largely due to our being a nation of sportsmen.

In regard to the influence of the open air life much education is still needed. In spite of many ameliorations, town life continues to be bad and unnatural, and we are afraid that country life as actually lived is little better. There is no locality where consumption finds a more favourable home than the little country village. It looks so beautiful with its thatched houses, garden plots, clipped hedges, tall elms, rookeries, green walks, running streams; but when examined in detail it is found that, in spite of the so-called advance of civilisation, whole families, and sometimes two or three families, live in one room. How they find room to squat puzzles the onlooker. The fact remains that they, in their own words, "pig in somehow," with the consequence that consumption, conquered in many other regions, finds a last and very strong refuge there. In summer it is just the same as in winter. When a serious case of consumption occurs the local doctor and the District Council have power to send the patient away to a sanatorium where he or she generally recovers strength just simply because of being compelled to live in the open air; and he generally dies when he returns because, in spite of his experiences, he goes back to his over-crowding, whereas he might, if he liked, live by day in sunlight and sleep under the stars. It is not the fault of the Government or the politician that they have not done so, but is rather due to the ingrained habit of generations. Even the town men and town women will find means to sleep in a garden, or if a garden is not available, on a roof, finding the open air somewhere. We have known a delicate lady make her couch, summer and winter, on the top of a haystack. But it would take a great deal of persuasion to induce the rural swain to do so.

In so far as Mr. Hargrave's book is an influence in that direction, we would give it every support. In writing it he has depended chiefly upon a good cause without, perhaps, giving due attention to the most effective means of propagating

a good cause. The result is a book of much emphasis; we seem to behold and hear the author thumping the table with his fist as he goes along. He flies to extremes, becomes highly excited on the slightest temptation, and is, therefore, constantly exaggerating. Yet he has the truth of the matter in him, and his book has an arresting quality that might have been lost if he had subjected it to greater polish.

"Clemenceau: The Man and his Time," by H. M. Hyndman. (Grant Richards, L. mited, 12s. 6d.)

If it was not inspiration, it was a very fortunate concatenation of circumstances that induced the publisher to get Mr. Hyndman to write the life of M. Clemenceau. Nobody else could have done it so well. Mr. Hyndman is almost as old as his subject. Like him, he was in the prime of life when Germany beat France to the ground in 1870. He was full, too, of the same Socialistic enthusiasm as the French Premier, and thoroughly understood the natural course by which the Socialist leader became a fiery and warlike supporter of his country. As long as only the Second Empire was in question Clemenceau and the people who acted with him held back. They did not consider it worth the cost in blood to uphold one ambitious military organisation against another. It was only when Napoleon had been dethroned that Clemenceau held that it was almost impossible for a patriotic republican to desire victory for the French Army, as it would have meant a new life for the decadent Empire. But when the overthrow of the Empire was completed and France stripped of all and the essential national individuality was threatened, then Clemenceau advanced and proved himself, as he has in the present war, the most devoted of citizens. That was in the flush of his young manhood. He was born in 1841, so that he had not completed his thirtieth year in 1870. His early life was a very stirring and vigorous one. He had come direct from the soil. His father was a doctor and landowner, and the boy was brought up on the shore of the Bay of Biscay. In this country we know that no descent is better than that of the yeoman. Nearly all the great families if traced far enough go back to that origin. So it is in France and every other country in the world. It is the land that provides an accumulation of energy and a capacity and a thoroughness which cannot be found elsewhere. So in these terrible times for France that followed Sedan, Clemenceau showed himself an unconscious but indubitable leader, void of self interest and devoted to the service of La Patrie. When the rest of the country felt compelled to bow to the conqueror's yoke he was one of the few who voted for going on with the war. There you have the spirit of the young man in 1870. Nearly half a century had passed. In the interval he had won fame as a writer and a politician. No fewer than eighteen Administrations he had brought down in the course of fifteen years. His journal was the terror of French politicians. This was the man that at the need of France came to the front and proved himself, in Mr. Hyndman's unexaggerated language, "a great statesman of the Great War." It has been a most heartening experience to follow the veteran day by day, wearing lightly the burden of four score years, or close to it, as hopeful and sanguine as he could have been in his earliest youth, the man never seems to have wearied. The war has not brought to light a more striking figure. The biographer has not patched up a story of his life for an immediate and passing purpose. His is no bit of smart journalism. On the contrary, he has sketched from his own point of view, it is true, but with a masterly hand, the history of the last fifty years, and accorded to the subject of his book his right place among the characters of the drama. It will repay most serious attention on the part of students of history, though the only tendency of the moment

will be the search for those human features which give authenticity to the portrait. Here is a vivid sketch of his personality:

If he had been a cranky religionist, now, that would conceivably have met the case. He might have been "possessed" from on high or from below. But Clemenceau was, and is, a free-thinker of free-thinkers; neither Heaven nor Hell has anything to say to him. Clearly it is a case of malignant atavism; Clemenceau has thrown back to his animal ancestry. What is the totem of the tribe which has entered into him, whose instinct of depredation pervades his every political action? We have it! He is of the jungle, jungly. His spring is terrific. His crashing attack fatal. He looks as formidable as he is. In short, he is a Tiger, and there you are. That accounts for everything!

With this must be taken his universal scepticism. Mr. Hyndman recalls that no politician refused so consistently "to range himself," as he did during thirty-five years of stormy public life. After recounting some of the paradoxes of his character, he goes on:

There was no understanding such a man. He would remain a brilliant Frenchman of whom all were proud until the end, when he would be buried with public honours as the champion Ishmaelite of his age. "When I saw he doubted about everything I decided that I needed nobody to keep me ignorant," wrote Voltaire. Much the same idea prevailed about Clemenceau. He was the universal sceptic; the man whose sole intellectual enjoyment was to point out the limitless incapacity of others with epigrammatic zeal.

I myself, who had watched him closely, was afraid that he would allow all opportunities for displaying his really great faculties in a ministerial capacity to slip by and leave to his friends only the mournful task of writing his epitaph: "Here lies Clemenceau the destroyer who could have been a creator."

Now if we turn to the lighter side of his life we find a great deal of simple charm. Those who judged him as a writer only by his political effusions might set him down as sardonic and embittered. His essays and general literature have to be read to understand his fine sympathy, which to a large extent expresses itself in a love of animals. His general writings are thus characterised by his biographer:

Whether he calls up a Greek courtesan to theorise about her profession or describes a long-standing, bitter, and motiveless peasant feud, his style is always fluent and charming, vivid with irony, and graceful with poetic thought. Yet the defect as well as the merit of M. Clemenceau's fiction and essay-writing is just this admirable, unvarying ease and fluency. One feels that he writes with perfect unconsciousness, as the thoughts come into his head. And, after a while, the ungrateful

reader is inclined to ask for some kind of selection in the feast before him, where all is good, very good, even, but nothing is excellent. Like a far greater writer, Clemenceau—on paper at least—"has no peaks in him." His literature was an admirable "by-product" of his almost limitless capacities; his actions and not his writings are the achievements of his life.

But for the present writer and probably for most other people the literature which counts most is to be found in those stirring speeches by which he kept up the spirit of France when her fortunes were at their lowest ebb. Nothing in the history of the world is more trumpet-like in its call to action, in its indomitable spirit and bravery. It is because of his great guidance at a moment of storm and stress that he won the claim to be the foremost figure of his time.

An English Family, by Harold Begbie. (Hutchinson, 6s. 9d.)

MR. BEGBIE's publishers have done him no service in announcing on the paper wrapper of his latest book—we can scarcely believe with the author's consent—that it is "characteristic of all that is best in English, as full of incident, reflection and romance as 'The Newcomes.'" To begin with, this challenges a comparison with Thackeray which can only be to Mr. Begbie's discomfiture, and, further, it has an officious air of telling the reader what to think, which he may well be inclined to resent. No doubt the reference to "The Newcomes" is inspired by the fact that this is the history of a family from within, that it seeks to give a picture of social life at a certain period,



M. CLEMENCEAU ON THE BISCAYAN SHORE.  
He was born at La Vendée and revels in the sea breezes.

That it does not pretend to trace any one character's existence through danger and romance to that curiously stable state of blessedness peculiar to the last chapters of novels, but of all these things it may be said in the words of the old Quaker, that though they are "also" they are "surely not likewise." It is more regrettable since Mr. Begbie's book, taken on its merits, is a good one. It is the history of that generation of the Frothinghams of Longworthy who were verging on middle age when the great war broke upon a blind world and of the later years of their parents. It is told by Hugh, one of the younger sons, an amiable, harmless person with a talent for "dropping into" things which results in making him ineffective either for good or evil. He says of himself: "I take a sincere pleasure in seeing the other side of the question. Above all, when I am in company, it is my wish to enjoy the completest possible confidence of my friends, and how can such confidence be established (*tot homines*) if one's own opinions are not completely subordinated?" For

Hugh Frothingham's full-length portrait alone—showing his weakness and good nature, his selfishness and kindness, his greed and gentleness—the book is well worth reading, and that is far from all that can be said of it. Torrance, his school friend, object of his life-long hero-worship, who would have been his inspiration if the unstable amiable were inspirable, fine high-minded fellow that he is, speaking from the pedestal upon which Hugh places him, smacks a little of the prig, though we fancy that Mr. Begbie, in spite of other displays of subtlety, had not intended this. Now and then it seems as though this might be a novel with a purpose, but if it is, Mr. Begbie has resisted the temptation to make it inartistically apparent. Even for Torrance, Hugh cannot make himself a convincing mouthpiece. What he hears he reports, but his conclusions go little further than this: "As to Pilate's question, whether it be asked by philosopher or theologian, patriot or politician, I've no answer for it," which after all is, for many of us, "real life."

## THE ESTATE MARKET

### THE MADRESFIELD SALE.

FOUR lines in a letter to us, from Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, convey an announcement of great importance and general interest, namely, that among their sales in the coming spring is that of: "Lord Beauchamp's, about 8,000 acres, consisting of the outlying portions of his Madresfield Estate in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, and his Redmarley, Kempley and Dymock Estates in Herefordshire and Gloucestershire."

There will be much discussion in the Press in consequence of the announcement, and it will, of course, turn mainly upon Madresfield itself. But the mansion and surrounding lands are not really in question, the present sale being of outlying portions of the property. The seat was fully described in these columns some time ago, and any reference to it now is only likely to divert attention from what is of immediate importance, the character of the property actually placed on the market. It is obvious that owners who decide to dispose of outlying lands are not likely to be appreciative of the current tendency in articles dealing with property sales to make more or less accurate references to the mansions which form the central features of such estates. As they have had occasion to point out, this course is very misleading and calculated to convey an impression that something quite different from what is, in fact, being sold is to be dealt with. The sale of 8,000 acres on an extensive estate like Lord Beauchamp's has, necessarily, no more connection with the mansion and its surroundings than it has with a town house.

The farms are chiefly in Gloucestershire; some in the district have already been sold to the tenants, and it is understood that the tenants of the others will, in accordance with the prevalent custom, have every opportunity of acquiring them before they are submitted to competition in the auction room. It is probable that there will be fully a couple of hundred large and small farms, houses, cottages and other lots in the sale, and already enquiries are being made by prospective purchasers from all parts of the country. It will be a good opportunity for acquiring some very suitable land for the purposes of settlements for discharged soldiers. Not only is most of the land exceedingly fertile, but there are near at hand large centres of population where men can supplement their earnings.

For many years there has been a keen and largely unsatisfied demand for small holdings around Malvern. "A good deal of land in the county," said Mr. Will's Emd before the Small Holdings Committee in 1906, "is utterly worthless for small holdings. . . . Some people who are living just outside Malvern want some land for small holdings. They certainly ought to have it. They have fixed on the land they want, which belongs to a large land owner in the neighbourhood. They have said that they want this particular land, and this only. Naturally, the land owner is going to get the best price for it. He is not at all hostile, but he says that if this is taken for small holdings it may affect the building value of adjacent land, and consequently he takes that into account. The fact that it is wanted for small holdings goes to augment the price." One of the advantages of bringing a large area into the market at one time and exposing it to open competition is that incidental considerations such as that are of comparatively small moment to the vendor. Every element of value, agricultural, building, mineral and otherwise, is thrown in for the highest bidder, and, unless the particular lot is in some way of importance to the amenities of the remaining portions of the estate, the vendor is indifferent to the use to which the buyer may desire to put the purchase.

The likelihood of adequate provision being made in the near future for housing small holders will have an intimate bearing upon the demand for not a little of the land now coming into the market, and fit for division into small holdings. The practical impossibility of providing houses and buildings for this purpose to pay an economic rent has helped many an owner to make up his mind to reduce his acreage. Excellent farmhouses and buildings exist on the whole of Lord Beauchamp's estates.

Apart from the Sutherland sale of 114,500 acres on April 11th, and that of Craigengallon, 28,500 acres, in Ayrshire, on April 24th and 25th, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's list is mainly of dates for May and later. They will offer Eggesstone Hall, near Barnard Castle, at Darlington on May 6th, about 10,000 acres; agricultural portions of the Turvey Abbey estate, near Olney, over 1,000 acres, at Bedford on May 10th; and Holmbury, 80 acres, on the Surrey Hills, on behalf of Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P. Jointly with Messrs. Harrie Stacey and Son the firm will offer Redhill freeholds, having a rental value of about £2,000 a year, at Hanover Square, on May 1st; and at the same time and place, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Chesterton and Sons, a freehold in Kensington High Street. This and the Redhill investments are offered by order of Mr. Richard Pugh Evans. Sales this month include Hadlow Grange, near Crowborough, 134 acres, on March 17th, at

Hanover Square; and Ashted Grange, near Leatherhead, jointly, as regards the latter, with Messrs. David J. Chattell and Sons, on March 25th.

Two large properties belonging to Sir William Ingilby, Harrington Hall, 1,657 acres in Lincolnshire, and Dacre, about 2,500 acres in Yorkshire, are also in Messrs. Mabbett and Edge's hands for sale this season, and they have been entrusted with the realisation of Lanwades Hall, approximately 800 acres, near Newmarket, for the executors of the late Mr. J. W. Larnach; and of Amport St. Mary, near Andover, close upon 5,000 acres, on behalf of the Marquess of Winchester.

Messrs. Mabbett and Edge were concerned, in conjunction with Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, in the sale of the Thornburgh estate, Wensleydale. This estate, comprising about 650 acres, included the mansion, large and small farms, accommodation land, licensed and other houses, and cottages. High prices were realised at the auction, and since it was held all the remaining lots have changed hands.

Among the estates to be offered during the next few weeks by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer may be mentioned Pell Wall, Salop, and Thinghill, Hereford. The former comprises a stone-built mansion standing on high ground in the midst of a park of 150 acres, and a total area of 275 acres.

Two Surrey residences with pretty grounds are in Messrs. Alex. H. Turner and Co.'s list for March 25th at Winchester House, one being Hawksview, Cobham, with 6 acres, close to Oxshott Woods, and the other, Little Firs, and 3 acres, at Maybury Heath, Woking, within a mile of the station. Pallhurst, a property of 1,400 acres, on the Surrey and Sussex borders, near Barnards Station, is to be sold in May by Messrs. Nicholas. The house, a modern one, commands views of Chantonsbury Ring and the South Downs. Another modern residence, Yewhurst, and 236 acres, three miles from Ashdown Forest Golf Links, will come under the hammer of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. in the coming season. The house, on the sandstone, stands 400ft. above sea level.

Axford, near Basingstoke, has been privately sold by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker. It is a freehold sporting and agricultural estate of 1,330 acres, with residence, farms, small holdings and cottages. The interesting old house, with 160 acres, known as Givens, situated in the Michelham Valley, between Leatherhead and Dorking, has changed hands, in private negotiation, through Messrs. Hampton and Sons, who have also sold Heatherside, Wellington College, with 8 acres; Pow's Court, a freehold residential property of over 11 acres at Bushey Heath; and the modern country house and 5 acres at Cookham, known as Lodene Grove.

Next week's auctions include a freehold of nearly 3 acres close to the Merrow Downs Golf Club, to be sold at Guildford, on March 4th, by Messrs. Crowe, Bates and Weekes; and the mansion and 10 acres at Stoke Bishop, near Bristol, known as Cook's Folly, by Messrs. George Nichols, Young, Hunt and Co., at Bristol on March 6th. The Legendary Tower, forming part of the mansion, is said to have been built in 1693. Messrs. Maple and Co.'s sale on April 9th will include The White House, a modern residence in the Jacobean style, and over 3 acres, at Beckenham.

The very imposing mansion known as Sundorne Castle, near Shrewsbury, is in Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen's hands for sale at an early date. The entire estate extends to 3,000 acres, of which the woodlands make up about 400 acres. There are fifteen farms. Three or four of the minor lots of the Lympe Castle estate, Kent, changed hands at Messrs. Tresidder and Co.'s auction; but the principal lot, the castle with 311 acres, remains for private negotiation.

An upset price of £8,000 has been fixed for Dellavaire, Kincardineshire, which will be exposed to public roup at Aberdeen, on March 10th, at Messrs. Davidson and Garden's offices. On March 19th, at St. Albans, Messrs. May and Rowden and Messrs. Rumball and Edwards will offer The Hyde, Harpenden, including the mansion and 1,134 acres.

Oakwood House and 10 acres, at Walkden, have been bought by Messrs. Burgess, Ledward and Co. for their employes. The mansion is to be fitted up as dining and recreation rooms, and the grounds will be laid out for tennis, bowls, cricket and football.

The Board of Agriculture has advised county councils to acquire land in advance of any actual and ascertained demand, and on an adequate scale. Their task is not an easy one, even in counties where very large areas have lately come under the hammer, judging from the experience of the Kent County Council. The land agent to that authority has, in the last four months, inspected about 1,500 acres, of which only 240 acres have been found suitable for small holdings. Hundreds of applications have been received for holdings, many of the applicants being still in the Army; but the majority of them state that they have either no capital or only such a sum as must be supplemented from public sources. ARBITER.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## HUTS AS COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The preliminary essential to any temporary building is, or should be, that it must be portable, a qualification which a standard Army hut, once erected, does not possess, for the following reasons: (1) The external covering, consisting of weather boards, is liable to considerable damage in dismantling, because, as it is nailed in position, it requires relatively skilled labour for purposes of re-erection; (2) the cottage described has a tiled roof, which would require to be dismantled and re-erected piece by piece, and is therefore not portable in the understood sense. Furthermore, the tiles would be subject to considerable damage in dismantling and transport. On investigation it would appear, therefore, that the only real portable features of the standard hut are flooring, framing and windows. The life of the standard hut as described is estimated at fifty years, but it has been found both in France and at home during the war that they do not last more than a few years without continual repair. The lining of these huts is generally asbestos sheets or fibre, which even *in situ* is likely to fracture, and is certainly not capable of being dismantled without damage. Considering a moment the question of price, it is well known that the standard hut which the Government is purchasing, *i.e.*, 60ft. by 15ft., is costing from £240 to £270 without any partitions or internal fittings, and although it is conceivable that purchase from the Government might be had for £10 per 10ft. section, it is open to considerable doubt in the absence of detail costs whether the hut, which will have suffered through use, could be dismantled, transported, reconstructed and re-erected for £99 3s. 10d., bearing in mind that the hut has now a tiled roof and, in all probability, a new lining and a certain amount of weather boarding, together with all the internal fittings shown in your illustration would be required. It is more than probable that the hut would have to be transported and re-erected from time to time to suit new purchasers' needs, and, indeed, grave doubt is entertained as to their ability to stand the result of wear and tear of re-erection and removal without serious dilapidations and costly repairs. Temporary buildings are needed in large numbers and of the hut type, and such buildings would need to pass the following conditions: They must be portable in every sense of the word, and if possible without casing or crates for purpose of transport. They must also be light in weight in order to reduce transport cost. They must be capable of repeated dismantling and re-erection without less or damage, and their erection must be sufficiently simple to enable intelligent unskilled workmen to erect them. Such huts have been designed, and to my knowledge have been erected, the only tools necessary for the purpose of erection being a spanner; no part is too heavy for two men to handle with ease, and they can be dismantled and re-erected any number of times without damage and at a minimum cost in labour. Only a few days is required for this purpose. They could no doubt from large centres of manufacture be despatched, erected and occupied within eight to ten days. In view of the considerable length of time which must elapse before anything like an adequate supply of permanent buildings can possibly be provided, it is a matter of considerable importance that temporary dwellings such as would meet the reasonable requirements of an intending tenant should be procurable.—HY. WHEATER.

## THE HABITS OF GROUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Mortimer Batten, does not seem to have studied the habits of grouse very much. He says the two sexes never associate until the mating season. Now all the shooting season, when driven, the birds come over the guns in mixed lots. In the autumn some packs, mostly hens, go down to the stubbles, but still leave a proportion of hens on the moor; also some of the cocks leave the moor. With regard to his seeing packs of hens going down to the lochside to feed on the birches, I have never seen a grouse on a birch in my life, and have studied grouse for forty years and I have never yet met anybody who has. You certainly see occasionally a sick cock grouse by the edge of a loch or river, but not in a tree.—R. S. S.

[Though in England grouse are very rarely seen to perch in trees, in parts of Scotland (the article criticised dealt with the Galloway Highlands) the packs of hen birds feed very largely on the dry catkins of the silver birch during December and January, and considerable numbers of the birds are to be seen daily feeding in the birch groves bordering lochs and burns. In stating that the respective flocks of cocks and hens "do not associate," we do not think that our contributor meant that they are never to be found in the same territory.—Ed.]

## WHERE TO LIVE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to "Columbus" as to where to live, the choice is wide. What are his tastes? Has he a leaning towards stock, or does agriculture appeal to him? Does he want a warm or a cold climate? All and every kind of climate is to be had within the Empire. Africa, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, all have their charms. Rhodesia appeals more to the man who wishes to go to new lands and farm at small cost, with land cheap and native labour comparatively plentiful, but where he must have plenty of energy and go. The capital necessary would possibly be: Stock raising, £5,000; orange growing, £2,500; cotton and maize planting, £1,000; tobacco planting, £500. Cost of living, £5 to £10 per month, according to, the taste of the individual. The same remarks apply to the Transvaal, but there land and labour both cost more. I know nothing personally about Australia and Canada, and it is thirty-four years since I was in New Zealand. I myself am going to North-east Rhodesia to plant cotton and tobacco. The price of land is small, the prospects very good, and the climate all that man can wish for. If "Columbus" is seriously thinking of emigrating and will write to me, care of your office, I can give him details of life in South Africa.—H. V. G.

## "WHISTLING TO THE CAT."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In last week's "Nature Notes" your correspondent "S." suggests that a cat's restlessness in the presence of whistling is due to pleasure. That a sound of this kind may agreeably tickle a cat's ear is of course possible, but there comes a point when it most certainly causes distress. Some years ago I witnessed an experiment of this nature at Cambridge, the victim being a cat and the medium the "whistle of hydrogen." At first the animal showed the usual restlessness, but as the whistle became more shrill the cat became more and more agitated, squirming about with ears back and an expression of real pain on its face and mowing frequently. This agitation continued long after the whistle had ceased to have any existence as a sound to those present, owing to the extreme rapidity of the vibrations. Some sounds well within the limit of general audibility are, if above a certain degree of acuteness, painful to the human ear. If, therefore, as I believe, a cat's ear is more sensitive than that of a human being, discomfort rather than pleasure seems to be the likely reason for such excitement.—VERNON BROWN.

## "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "I. L. R.," states that he "never heard that the story of Alexander Selkirk's experiences on the island of Juan Fernandez was attributed to any but Defoe." Now, may I point out that the adventures of Robinson Crusoe were not those of anyone on Juan Fernandez, but those of a shipwrecked man on an island in the West Indies, close enough to the coast of South America to be affected by the rush of water from the Orinoco. This natural incident is finely described by Scott in "Rokeby":

"The battle's rage

Was like the strife which currents wage  
Where Orinoco in his pride  
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,  
But 'gainst broad ocean urges far  
A rival sea of roaring war;  
While in ten thousand eddies driven,  
The billows fling their foam to heaven,  
And the pale pilot seeks in vain  
Where rolls the river, where the main."

If Defoe had had access to Alexander Selkirk's papers—assuming that Selkirk had any papers dealing with his sojourn at Juan Fernandez—he would, I fancy, have laid the scene of his story at that island of the Pacific rather than at the island of the Atlantic which he chose. But it so happened that Defoe had lived in Spain, and, when there, in the company of many of those merchants of wide and adventurous experiences of the Spanish Main and the islands off the coast (nearly all of which still bear their original Spanish names), had a chance of learning much about these islands and the Caribb aborigines, and thus was in a position to write in the style of the born journalist that he was, about Robinson Crusoe's isle. I have never visited Juan Fernandez, but I have been assured by some shipmasters and one ship's steward who had had that advantage, that it was impossible to recognise at the place anything of the meticulous topography in Defoe's story. Some years ago, however, I visited upon three occasions the island of Tobago in the West Indies, and there I found quite enough evidence to satisfy me that the claim of the inhabitants that their island was Robinson Crusoe's, was at least plausible. The topography, so far as it went, was certainly capable of being identified with that of Defoe. I visited many of the other islands and passed through the Dragon's Mouth of Columbus's second voyage. Whatever the adventures of Alexander Selkirk may have been, those of Robinson Crusoe certainly came from the brain of Daniel Defoe. Selkirk was marooned by his shipmaster, Captain Stradling, and on the same vessel Dampier was pilot. This was in 1704. In 1709 this great voyager was with Woodes Rogers in the privateer *Duke*, and, coming in sight of Juan Fernandez, he remarked that Stradling had marooned a man there. I do not think that Woodes Rogers cared anything for this information; he had, like the good shipmaster that he was, a passion for careening his ship, and when assured that he could do so at this island, he made for it; but so far as I recollect, it took him three weeks to reach it, though it was always in view, for the *Duke* was not rigged to sail close to the wind. When at last the vessel was beached, Selkirk came out of his "castle," and was taken off and made sailing-master of one of the *Duke's* prizes under Captain Dover. Until recently I was under the impression that these details respecting Selkirk were well known, but I discovered how misplaced was my impression when, some time last year, I found myself confronted with this paragraph in a leading London paper:

"WILL OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Before Robinson Crusoe sailed unwittingly for Tristan d'Acunha, 'where every prospect pleases and only man is vile,' he made a will under his real name of Alexander Selkirk, beginning, 'Being now bound out on a Voyage to Sea, but calling to minde the Perills and Dangers of the Seas and other Uncertainties of this Transitory Life,' etc. Dated Jan. 13, 1717, this appeared at Sotheby's and brought £60 (Sotheman)."

Here we have, if you please, a third island assigned to the unfortunate Selkirk, who is made to sail, "unwittingly," for Tristan d'Acunha several years after he had left Juan Fernandez. In addition, the chronicler mixes up Heber and Cowper. It was not of Juan Fernandez that Heber wrote, for on a desert island man is not *en evidence* of either villainy or virtue—it was the natives of "Ceylon's isle" whom the Bishop traduced.—F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The correspondence relating to "Robinson Crusoe" finds me interested in that subject, as our local paper, the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, has this winter contained some controversial writing concerning the meeting of Selkirk and Defoe at the house of Damaris Daniel. It was suggested that

no such meeting could have taken place, as there was no written record in existence. To this a reply was given by a relative of the lady, pointing out that although the whole story depended on the testimony of Mrs. Daniel, her word was likely to be reliable and worthy of credit. Attention was drawn to the fact that the tradition had come down through two sources, the Fry and Harford families, both related by marriage to Mrs. Daniel. It was Lieutenant Fry who took charge of the boat which brought Selkirk from the Island of Juan Fernandez; Captain Woodes Rogers was a cousin of Mrs. Daniel, and Selkirk lived in Bristol for some years. Thus his friendship with Mrs. Daniel would be quite a family affair. For Defoe's connection with Damaris Daniel we must turn to her father, Nathaniel Wade, a leader in Monmouth's Rebellion, in which Defoe was also implicated. The only recorded visit to Bristol by Defoe was in 1692, when he was known as "the Sunday Gentleman," because that was the one day on which he dare venture out for fear of being seized by creditors. Possibly he came to Bristol having friends there who might help him in his difficulties. Accounts of his debts and of his shipping ventures might reveal connection with Bristol firms; his knowledge of the West Indies and of the Guinea trade suggest familiarity with the business men of that city more than would be gained in one brief visit. Possibly a student of the political intrigues of those days might discover who were his friends in the West, and thus throw a little more light on this interesting controversy.—S. H. E.

#### THE CHATEAU OF ST. OUEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in the most interesting account of the Château of St. Ouen in this week's COUNTRY LIFE the author speaks of the medley of



CHIMNEYPiece AT ST. OUEN.

mediaeval and François I. styles prevailing among the chimneypieces. I think, therefore, you may care to see the accompanying photograph of a very fine example of the later period at St. Ouen.—X.

#### A DARING KINGFISHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I can confirm "R. B. H.'s" letter in your paper of January 25th. While fishing from the bank of the Avon near Evesham, many years ago, a kingfisher settled on my rod for a few seconds and then flew away. I have never heard of anyone having a similar experience to mine till I read your paper recently.—HERBERT NEW.

#### MOTORING DANGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the chief dangers is of collisions at corners, and I suggest that the Government should make it compulsory throughout the Kingdom that the fences at all corners where there are no buildings should be kept lowered, that motor drivers could see another approaching. I shall be glad if you will give your support to above in your valuable paper.—WESTERN.

#### SOANE FAMILY PORTRAITS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your readers who were interested in the account of Pitzhanger Manor will probably like to see the portraits of the characters in the piece. Sir John Soane is represented by a series of drawings and paintings at different



MRS. SOANE AND HER TWO SONS.

ages, leading up to the final Lawrence portrait of 1829 at the age of seventy-six. There is an interesting early painting (Hunneman, Rome, 1779) recording Soane in what he calls "the gay morning of youth"; also three pencil drawings by the two Dances; one, by Nathaniel, is at the age of twenty-one, and another, by George, Soane's master, at forty-three. These are much more interesting and personal than Jackson's, which represents Soane as a master mason, or Owen's parade portrait (1803), where he is the architect busy with his papers. The portrait of Mrs. Soane (Van Hassen, 1805) with the two boys is an interesting sketch. The one of her by Jackson was interrupted by her death, and the sketch in chalk by Flaxman is also only an outline. There is a great portrait of the two boys in 1804, also by Owen; but the most charming and interesting records are the drawings by G. Dance, R.A., and John Downman, A.R.A., of the boys when they were quite young. The two portraits given here are perhaps the most interesting in connection with this period. Soane is here five years younger than he was when the house at Ealing was begun. Though forty-seven, he thought nothing of walking to Pitzhanger from Lincoln's Inn Fields as part of his day's work. Mrs. Soane's death about four years after the Ealing house was given up was a great blow to Soane, whose friends even remonstrated at the public expression that he made of his grief. He calls her his dear companion, but I am afraid she remains rather a shadowy figure, overborne, I imagine, by the forcible personality of her husband.—ARTHUR T. BOLTON (Curator, Sir John Soane's Museum).



SIR JOHN SOANE.

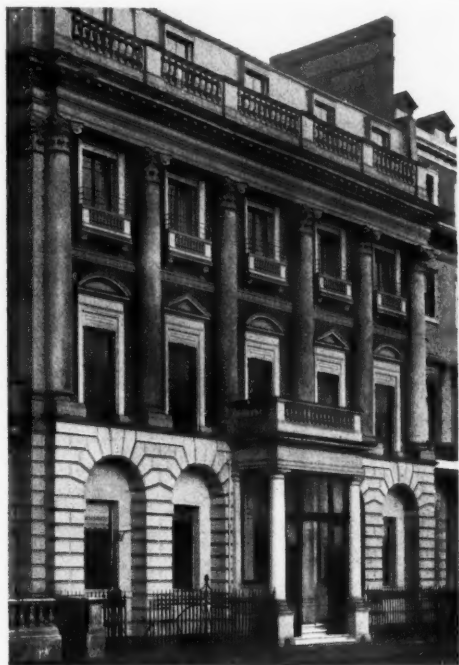
## TOWN HOUSES OF THE XVIII CENTURY

## No. 19, GROSVENOR SQUARE—I.

THE ebb and flow of fashion forms a curious chapter in the history of life in London. It was only by degrees that Grosvenor Square established a position that relegated the once leading St. James's Square to a second rank. Mrs. Thrale, growing weary of the obscurity of the comfortable house in the Borough, insisted on moving to a large house in Grosvenor Square shortly before her husband's death. Boswell, coming up to London, found them there in March, 1781, and remarks how sorry he was to find Thrale so sadly changed in his appearance. In fact, in April of that year Johnson lost the loyal friend whose hospitality had meant so much to him during the preceding fifteen years. The notorious Wilkes made a home here for his daughter for seven years, from 1790 to 1797, when his death left her in an

was at last completing. His lordship's new Chesterfield House in South Audley Street, of which Isaac Ware was the architect, was completing in 1749.

Robert Adam, in January, 1758, on his return from Italy, established himself with his sisters in Lower Grosvenor Street, leading out of the Square, and remained there until the Adelphi Terrace was ready for occupation. We hear of Upper Grosvenor Street in 1764 when Gilly Williams writes on Christmas Day to George Selwyn that "the Duchess of Grafton has bought Sir Charles Banbury's house in Upper



EXTERIOR, NO. 19, GROSVENOR SQUARE.



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GALLERY FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

unexpected and undeserved destitution.

In 1641, following on the battle of Edgehill, a fortification had been thrown up on the side of the present gardens of the Square, and the name of Mount Street is a relic of this "Oliver's Mount." The Square was laid out in 1695, and may have been completed only in 1725, as its development was very slow. About 1715, however, building seems to have been in active progress. From the Malmsbury Papers, under the date of June, 1746, we learn that "Lord Petersham and Lady Caroline Fitzroy are looking for a house in the Square, where there are scarcely any to let, and, if any at a prodigious rate."

Lord Chesterfield was living in the Square adjacent to the Duchess of Kendal between 1733 and 1750, and here Johnson waited upon him on that momentous occasion which ultimately led to the famous letter of 1755, written when the Dictionary



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THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Grosvenor Street. She is at present in St. James Square."

The ninth Duke of Norfolk (1686-1777) had been occupying the centre house on the east side of the Square since 1739. The Countess of Thanet appears as a resident in 1751. Sackville Tufton (1733-1786), eighth Earl of Thanet, in 1754 had recently succeeded to the title and estates, including lands in Kent and Sussex, as well as the Clifford Estates in Cumberland. At that time he engaged in a contest for political influence against Sir James Lowther at Appleby. This election was spoken of as the outrageous expense of two young men each a promising rival of Cræsus. It is quite possible Robert Adam may have become acquainted with the Earl of Thanet at this time, just before he started on his tour to Italy. There is another connection of some interest, as Lady Mary Savile, fourth daughter of the second Marquess of Halifax, had married in 1722 the seventh Earl of Thanet (1688-1753), and she and her sister, the Countess of Burlington, were both patrons of Eva Violetta, who married David Garrick. The probable early connection of



THE STABLE.

Adam with the famous actor has already been pointed out in the account of the villa at Hampton.

In 1763 Robert Adam was feeling the pressure of his rapidly expanding practice and James, his future chief of the staff, was only then returning in the summer or autumn of this year from his later tour abroad. This may be one reason why the records of this house building for the Earl of Thanet are scanty. We have only two or three ceilings, chimneypieces and some outlines for mirrors, and no general drawings of the house.

It is not definite that Adam actually built the house, but there is no reason against it when the early date, 1764, and subsequent changes of ownership and consequential alterations are allowed for. The plan is certainly a very good one, and a strong feature is made of the staircase leading up to a rotunda which is directly connected with a magnificent gallery, or ballroom, as we should call it, extending the whole length of the frontage so that it is nearly 60ft. in length by some 20ft. in width.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.



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ON THE STAIRCASE.

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